

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 802



APRIL 11, 1885

# THE GRAPHIC.

AN

## ILLUSTRATED

WEEKLY

## NEWSPAPER.



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# THE GEOGRAPHIC

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DE LUXE

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1885

WITH EXTRA  
SUPPLEMENT [

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A ROYAL DUEL  
DRAWN BY C. BURTON BARBER



## Topics of the Week

**THE ROYAL VISIT TO IRELAND.**—It has been more than once officially stated that the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Ireland is not of a political character. This may be true in a sense, but it is not really true. Nobody of course is so foolishly sanguine as to imagine, because a good-natured lady and gentleman pay a flying visit to the island, go through a series of ceremonial functions, and stay at several noblemen's mansions, that therefore from henceforward the perennial well-spring of Irish grievances will be dried up. But as it is hoped that something in this direction will be effected, the visit cannot honestly be described as purely unpolitical. In former days, when the claims of Monarchy as an Institution were uncontested, kings and princes went about on their own pleasure or business, without caring very much what their subjects thought. But nowadays it is not so, and at almost all the public functions in which Royalty is present, there is a distinct desire to cultivate the goodwill of the community at large. If such motives are influential in Great Britain, where loyalty to the Crown is still a plant of sturdy growth, they must be still more influential as regards a visit to Ireland, where the same plant needs a deal of nursing to bring it into a healthy condition. Such being the case, there is good reason to suppose that the present Royal visit will be productive of good; provided that no evil passions are stimulated into action. There is a large number of what may be called the comfortable classes in Ireland, whose loyalty is already unimpeachable; while at the other extreme, there is a multitude of stern unflinching patriots as represented by Mr. Healy and the National League, who are resolved not to bow the knee before a Monarchical and Anglo-Saxon Baal, even when the idol assumes the shape of a graceful and pretty Princess. But between these extremes there is the great mass of the people. Many of them will set eyes on the Prince and Princess for the first time, and this is no small matter, for there is great force in the proverb that "seeing is believing." Others, who do not see, will nevertheless (though they may not care to say so) be gratified that, as regards Royal visits, Ireland has ceased to be left out in the cold. If, therefore, the visit proves a success, it is to be hoped that it is only the first of a series; and then perhaps, when the mysterious *cachet* of fashion is affixed to the Green Island, flocks of tourists may appear, and may do for the wilder and poorer parts of Ireland what they have done for the Highlands of Scotland.

**FRANCE AND CHINA.**—M. Ferry cannot be congratulated on the trick by which he sought to secure the honour of having concluded peace between France and China. The new Ministry, ignorant of the fact that the war had been brought to an end, had to begin its career by asking for a credit of 150,000,000 francs; and in the Declaration read to the Chamber and the Senate it adopted a decidedly warlike tone. A really patriotic statesman would not have placed his successors in so ridiculous a position; and it is pretty certain that the French people will continue to bear a grudge against M. Ferry for his cleverness in maintaining a secret which did not properly belong to him. However, the main point is that France and China have at last arrived at an understanding, each State having to some extent abated its original pretensions. China has good reason to be pleased by this result, for if the struggle had gone on, she would probably have been overcome in the end, and the French have never showed much mercy to conquered nations. France has at least equal cause to be satisfied. The war would by and by have put a heavy strain upon her resources, and nothing she could have gained would have compensated her for her sacrifices. On the whole, the French people deserve credit for having been willing to accept peace so soon after the recent defeat of their troops. In times not so very remote a different temper would have prevailed, and all the world would have regarded the cry for a march on Peking almost as a matter of course. May the change be taken as an indication that France is beginning to feel that, after all, a passion for *prestige* is not the best controlling motive in the management of foreign affairs? If so, she has better days before her under the Republic than she has ever had under any other form of government.

**THE VOLUNTEERS.**—By all accounts, our citizen soldiers acquitted themselves well in the various reviews and sham fights held on Easter Monday. As a matter of course, the carping critic found a great deal to blame and very little to praise in their marching and manœuvring. Indeed, according to some of these stern censors, the money spent by the State on the Volunteers is quite thrown away, and could be much more profitably laid-out on the Militia or the Reserves. It is not very gracious or graceful to pen these strictures at the very time when a body of Antipodean Volunteers are doing good service, so far as in their power lies, for the old country amid the burning heats of the Soudan, while in India the same patriotic sentiment has led to the organisation of an invaluable addition to the Regulars, from the European and Eurasian communities. Nor do we doubt that our own Volunteers would show the true soldier-like spirit were the country threatened with invasion. The cheerfulness with which they respond to every call of duty, and the sacrifices to which they

submit in order to become efficient, warrant belief that an enemy would find them very tough customers indeed, if cleverly handled and properly equipped. In neither of these *desiderata* can the force be considered to have reached perfection. We do not propose to say anything about blundering and incapable officers; that is too big a subject for brief treatment. But we entirely endorse what Colonel Loyd-Lindsay says about equipment. The State might not be able to afford to maintain a complete transport and ambulance system for the 206,000 men who are now in the Volunteer ranks. But it could very easily afford to supply them with great coats, light valises, haversacks, and water bottles once in every four or five years, and were the Government to ask for the money it would be granted without a moment's demur.

**THE GREAT DOG CONTROVERSY.**—The warmth and vigour with which this subject has recently been discussed in the columns of the *Standard* prove the interest which it excites. As regards the fair sex, at any rate, we may safely say that it seems far more important to most of them than the extension of the Franchise or the Redistribution of Seats. It is a subject which comes home to every one. Indeed, it not only comes home, but it meets us out in the streets, confronts us on our friends' doorsteps, and leaps out upon us from sundry unexpected places. "The Dog—ought he to be suppressed?" forms a subject capable of most voluminous treatment. Here we intend to be very modest and very brief. It is on all hands agreed that the Dog, regarded generically, possesses many noble and loveable qualities, but he also has his defects. As Dr. Watts informs us, it is his delight to bark and bite. Barking may be and often is a terrible nuisance; biting may be followed by an agonising death from hydrophobia. Fortunately, biting is comparatively rare, but the fear of being bitten is not rare, and, in this way, dogs, especially as regards timid women, cause an infinite amount of disquietude. It may be inferred also that if we could elicit the candid opinion of postmen, carriers, tradesmen's servants, hawkers, and others, who in the course of their avocations have to visit a number of houses during the day, it would be unfavourable to the Dog. It is no joke to be carrying a heavy load which impedes one's agility, and also to be restrained from kicking or striking a yelping, snapping brute because he belongs to a customer. Of course, it is always other people's dogs that are troublesome; if our own dogs annoy us we speedily get rid of them. The upshot of our reflections is that in the country the dog is in his proper element. As the attendant on the sportsman, the drover, and the shepherd, he earns an honest livelihood, and, even when unemployed, he has plenty of room in the country, and so his more objectionable qualities are less manifest. But in great towns he may be the right animal (his owner, at all events, thinks so), but he is emphatically in the wrong place. Naturally cleanly, the want of space constrains him to be dirty; and lack of hard exercise makes him snappish. These remarks especially apply to those monsters, as big as leopards, with which the increase of wealth has of late years peopled our streets. We might recommend as a remedy that the dog-tax should be apportioned according to weight, did we not remember that the smaller members of the canine tribe are, at any rate as regards noise, the most troublesome.

**ENGLISH RULE IN INDIA.**—The misunderstanding between England and Russia has led to at least one good result. It has given us some insight into the real opinions of the people of India about British rule. England has often been warned that if a Russian army crossed the Indian frontier she would have to deal both with the invaders and with a mutinous population. Well, if the Russians have not actually crossed our frontier, they are at any rate threatening to do so; and none of the terrible consequences which were predicted are visible. On the contrary, the people of India have never given us so many proofs of goodwill. The native princes vie with one another in their eagerness to offer us aid, and not a whisper of serious discontent is heard in any district governed by English officials. That various classes in India have grievances, everybody knows; but all grievances are forgotten at a moment when the question is whether our great Dependency shall continue to be controlled by us or shall be handed over to the tender mercies of Russia. A good deal is said about the civilising mission of Russia in Central Asia; and, no doubt, the system she introduces among the Turcomans is better than the anarchy it displaces. But in India her rule, as compared with that of England, would be barbarism; and this is perfectly well understood by our Indian fellow-subjects, who have long watched with keen interest the course of events to the north of Afghanistan, cherishing no illusions as to the ultimate object of Russian statesmen. It is just possible that the ambition of Russia may in the end be a help rather than a hindrance to England. For in the presence of a grave danger the Indian people may be more loyal to us than they would have been if the alternative to our withdrawal had been, not Russian supremacy, but an independent confederation of native States.

**THE SUAKIM RAILWAY.**—Are the Government really in earnest with that wonderful work, the Suakim-Berber Railway? The question is being more and more asked, not without cause. A more extraordinary—one might almost say

Quixotic—enterprise was never undertaken by a nation which prides itself upon being practical and "commonsensical" before all things. As the scheme stands at present, General Graham is to send out a force five miles, build a zeriba there, and then halt until the railway is constructed so far. Then there will be another similar advance of five miles, and so on, until the steam horse snorts into Berber. As the distance is two hundred and seventy miles, fifty-four zeribas will have to be constructed and the same number of halts must be made. But why any zeribas at all? Because the entire country is full of hostile tribes, and the line must therefore be protected inch by inch. It is hoped, however, that the portion constructed may be saved from Arab wrath by armour-plated trains constantly rushing to and fro. Even in that case, strong bodies of troops will have to be stationed at intervals, and as these cannot live on sunshine and sand, supplies must be forwarded to them from the Red Sea. The working parties will also require food and water from the same source. True, a great iron pipe is to be laid the whole way to Berber, but this is not to come into use until it taps the Nile, and it will not, therefore, be of any service during the advance. Such are the main details of an enterprise which Lord Hartington lately described as undertaken solely for the safety of Lord Wolsley's force. On the face of it, the whole plan looks simply Lapatun. The Arabs will soon master the not very difficult art of tearing up the rails, and, when once they have acquired that knowledge, they will not be deterred from putting it into practice by the occasional appearance of a mail-clad train. Altogether, there is substantial ground for doubting whether this astonishing railway undertaking is not being used by the Government as a convenient excuse for keeping a strong force of splendid troops half-way on the road to Kurrachee.

**THE CANADIAN REVOLT.**—With regard to this untoward outbreak, the much-enduring sorely-burdened John Bull may congratulate himself on two facts; first, that the rebels, though scattered over a wide extent of country of difficult access, are comparatively few in numbers, and unlikely to find many sympathisers except among their kinsmen, the Indians; secondly, that he, John Bull, is not personally called upon to suppress this revolt, as would have been the case when the Colonies were ruled from Downing Street. The Dominion of Canada is now practically an independent country, and therefore when a domestic trouble, such as this rebellion of Riel's, occurs, the Colony is expected to have resources sufficient to put it down. This fact attests the advance which has been made since 1870 when, in a similar difficulty, the Home Government had to intervene. With regard to the causes of the insurrection something more is now known in this country than was known a few days ago. As might have been suspected, there is rarely if ever discontent and dissatisfaction without some fairly reasonable cause, and this maxim holds good of Riel and his associates. As long ago as last autumn these men put forth a manifesto stating their grievances and the nature of their demands; and this document, which, as far as we are aware, has only lately been made public on this side of the Atlantic, will seem to unbiased persons by no means immoderate in its tone. The fact is, that these half-breeds appear to have been an exceptional body of persons, who should have been legislated for in an exceptional way. As long as they were left alone in the wilderness under the politic sway of the Hudson's Bay Company they were happy enough after their own fashion. But gradually civilisation crept up to them, and they did not relish it any more than did their Indian ancestors. The pioneer settler trespassed on their hunting-grounds; the land surveyor parcelled out their lands. Without doubt the Canadian Government can suppress such a rising as this by main force, but it may be a tedious, cruel, and costly process; it would be both cheaper and more humane to mark out a reservation where Riel and his merry men could live as they lived in days of yore. Out of her enormous territory the Dominion could afford a slice for such an object as this.

**ENGLAND AND EGYPT.**—We are not likely to hear much for some time about the Convention which, according to Mr. Gladstone, is about to "put Egypt on her legs." Most people are tired of the question, and are very willing to have their attention withdrawn from it to subjects which have fewer unpleasant associations. If, however, we may trust the highest non-official authorities in Egypt, Englishmen will be compelled sooner or later to watch closely the working of the Convention; for it seems likely to have anything but a favourable influence on our interests. Hitherto, notwithstanding all the blunders she has committed in Egypt, England, as opposed to other Powers, has had some right to describe herself as the friend of the fellaheen. Now, in order to avoid the necessity for a Conference at the end of two years, she will be compelled to make the fellaheen her enemies, since it is only by pressing them hard that she can hope to obtain a sufficient revenue. On the other hand, it will be the interest of the Powers which have joined us in guaranteeing the new loan to suggest the expediency of mild treatment. A deficit would give them an excuse for intervention; and we must expect that they will do what they can to make a deficit inevitable. Thus, as the Alexandria correspondent of the *Times* has pointed out, the relative positions of England and the Powers with regard to the Egyptian people will be reversed, and the chances are



that our rule will become more and more unpopular. Mr. Gladstone's highly philanthropic policy is apparently about to make us the taskmasters of Egypt for the benefit of her creditors.

PORT HAMILTON.—During the last ten years, the English people have made a great advance in geographical knowledge, thanks to the warlike adventures in which they have been engaged in almost all parts of the world. It is not so long ago since the name of Khartoum produced as hazy an impression on the mind of the British paterfamilias as that of Katmandoo or Timbuctoo, while Berber and Kassala might have been signs of the Zodiac for all he knew to the contrary. Having mastered their whereabouts on the map, he is now called upon instantly to carry his mind several thousand miles to the east. Off the southern coast of Corea, at a distance of some sixty miles, there are a small group of islands, and it is here that John Bull has now planted the "meteor flag." It appears to be a pleasant place enough; a delightful climate, splendid scenery, an industrious population, and surrounded by fish-teeming seas. Unfortunately, only a single harbour, that of Port Hamilton, has come under the British ægis; all the rest of the islands appear to remain under Korean rule. Was there any use in thus making two bites of a cherry? Being what it is, and constituting the very place we have been long looking out for as a naval station in the Chinese seas, this archipelago may become an integral portion of the British Empire before long. But if we go nibbling at it, as we did at that much bigger mouthful, New Guinea, Germany or Russia may step in and claim half of the prize. Could not the Government come to some similar arrangement with the Korean monarch as that by which we administer Cyprus for the Sultan? Such a diminutive scrap of territory ought to be purchaseable at a moderate cost.

SIXPENNY TELEGRAMS.—The Government paid a great deal too much—as Governments are apt to do in such cases—when the electric telegraphs were purchased from the private companies. The result is that the telegraph service is the least profitable of all the enterprises of the Post Office. It has never yet paid three per cent. on the capital invested in its purchase, and last year there was a deficit of 20,000*l*. This scarcely seems a favourable time for altering the shilling rate to a sixpenny one. There is, however, something to be said on the other side. The familiar shilling tariff is unduly liberal. Not only does it include the address of both sender and receiver, but it allows a message of twenty words besides. Numbers of people like to think they are getting their money's worth; and so, in order to fill up the allotted space, they make their messages longer than need be. The plan proposed in Mr. Shaw Lefevre's Bill is to charge (as in foreign telegrams) for the addresses as well as for the message itself, the entire sum payable being sixpence. But as the Post Office people say they cannot send with any hope of profit more than twelve words for that sum, it is contended that (especially in large towns, whence the bulk of telegrams emanate) the addresses will swallow up the lion's share of the allotted space. It certainly would seem more reasonable that, as on the Continent, there should be a fixed sum for every telegram to cover the permanent expenses, and then a subsequent word-rate. Whether the addresses should be included or not in the permanent charge is a knotty point. Without doubt, the addresses, especially that of the sender, might often be shortened. Care, however, must be taken that they are not too much shortened, but only shortened enough, or serious trouble and delay will be incurred by the telegraph messengers. Would it not solve the difficulty, if a fixed charge, say of a penny, were made for the addresses, provided they did not exceed a reasonable length? Above this another penny might be charged. The Post Office authorities could easily decide what is a reasonable length. In conclusion we implore Parliament not to burden the taxpayer for the sake of the telegram-sender. In the great majority of cases, the senders can either well afford to pay, or the circumstances are so urgent that they do not grudge an extra sixpence. Besides these urgent cases, there are a host of luxurious people who send telegrams when they might just as well write a letter. Don't let us add to the taxes to cheapen *their* amusement. Lastly, there are the Stock Exchange and Turf gamblers. These gentry are the chief supporters of the electric wire. The Sunday service is especially carried on for their benefit. They need not be compassionated for their telegraphic outlay, and, it is but fair to say, they do not grudge it. It all comes, ultimately, out of the pockets of the victims.

RUSSIA AND THE POSITIVISTS.—The Positivists so often agitate against war, that a good many people class them among the foremost representatives of the peace-at-any-price party. When, however, there is a serious difference of opinion between England and Russia, the tone adopted by the members of this little sect is very different indeed from that of the Peace Society. When Professor Beesly, speaking in the name of his co-religionists, urges the British Government not to give way, and marshals a formidable array of arguments in support of his warlike advice, the reason may be that Russia was greatly disliked by Comte. He insisted that she should not be admitted to the counsels of Western Europe, because she was not one of the civilised Powers—a circumstance which he accounted for by the fact that she had

not been disciplined during the Middle Ages by Feudalism and by the Roman Church. Whether or not this is the explanation of the action of the Positivists, it must be admitted that in the paper recently issued by Professor Beesly the case against Russia in the present quarrel is put with much force and clearness. But, unfortunately, he takes away with one hand what he gives with the other. It is a Positivist principle that no nation ought to have dependencies; so Professor Beesly warns us that we must prepare to withdraw from India at the earliest possible opportunity. He seems to forget that if we were to do this we should be directly encouraging Russia, whose aims he so strongly condemns. It is conceivable that, if we were to show ourselves determined to maintain our present rights, she might give up the idea of crossing the Indus; but she would certainly not arrive at any such decision if we declared that we were tired of India, and meant to shake off the burden as soon as we could. In that case our rival would make ready to take possession of the inheritance we despised.

DRUNKEN PASSENGERS.—Were there not so many testimonials and memorials before the public, we should be disposed to start a subscription-list on behalf of Edmund Peters, the conductor of an omnibus, who had the moral courage to prevent a drunken gentleman from entering his conveyance. It may be said that the man only did his duty after all; true, but so did Cole when he took up the smouldering parcel of dynamite. We do not say that Peters showed the same pluck as the policeman, but no one who has observed what happens when a conductor refuses admission to a drunkard will question that a considerable degree of courage is needed. To begin with, there is a wrangling match, and if the inebriate be well dressed, any policeman who happens to be near jumps to the conclusion that the conductor must be in fault. The next stage is an endeavour on the part of the applicant for admission to get on the hind step, and if the conductor pushes him off—as Peters did—the alcoholic gentleman generally loses his temper, and either hits out wildly, or clutches the *employé* by the legs to pull him off his perch. A volley of loudly-uttered and very full-flavoured abuse usually winds up the dispute, and there the matter ends. But in the case of Peters, the bibulous gentleman was so supremely foolish as to take out a summons against the conductor for refusing him admission. The result was that the plaintiff had to pay 2*l*. 2*s*. costs, while the defendant left the Court "without a stain on his character." It is to be hoped that this satisfactory ending will have the effect of inducing railway porters and guards to do their duty in excluding drunken people from trains. Too often they "stretch a point" mentally in defining the degree of stagger which constitutes drunkenness in a legal sense.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT, entitled "A PATIENT MODEL," from the Picture by A. Kozakiewicz, exhibited in the Graphic Gallery of Animal Paintings.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—The Editor will endeavour, as far as lies in his power, to return to the senders, or to any address which they may indicate, all Sketches, whether used for purposes of illustration or not, and all rejected MSS. (for the transmission of these latter postage stamps must be enclosed); but at the same time he wishes it to be clearly understood that, although every possible care will be taken of such Sketches or MSS., he declines to accept any responsibility in the event of their being mislaid or lost.

AMUSEMENTS

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The SEVENTY-SIXTH ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will be held at the Freemasons' Tavern, Great Queen Street, on WEDNESDAY, April 22, 1885.

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The institution is entirely supported by the voluntary donations and subscriptions of artists and patrons of the fine arts. Gentlemen's tickets, 2*s*.; ladies', 1*s*. 6*d*.; may be obtained of the stewards; at the bar of the Freemasons' Tavern; and of the Secretary, L. YOUNG, Esq., 23, Garrick Street, W.C.

THE TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION of OIL PAINTINGS by ARTISTS of the BRITISH and FOREIGN SCHOOLS is NOW OPEN at Thomas McLean's Gallery, 7, Haymarket. Admission, including catalogue, 1*s*.

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TICKETS and every information at the Brighton Company's West End General Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings; Hay's Agency, Cornhill; Cook's, Ludgate Circus; also at the Victoria and London Bridge Stations. (By Order.) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.



A ROYAL DUEL

Two foresters who, in the month of December last, were passing through the rocky defile of Strathglass, in the Scottish Highlands, saw a remarkable incident, namely, a combat between an eagle and a stag. A herd of red deer were feeding in the hollow, led by a splendidly-antlered stag. Overhead a golden eagle was hovering. Suddenly he swooped down upon the neck of the hart, beating the animal's head with his powerful wings, and striving to tear out his eyes. The stag endeavoured to defend himself with his horns, and succeeded in tumbling his assailant violently into the heather, screaming and with torn plumage. But the bird speedily recovered, and again swooped down, this time on the haunches of his victim, and therefore out of the reach of his horns. His talons were buried in the stag's coat, while his beak tore at the bleeding flesh. It looked as if the bird would actually conquer, when the stag tried a new stratagem. He flung himself over, in a complete somersault, so as to fall upon the eagle, positively rolling himself down the heather slope. Bruised and battered, the eagle lost his grip, and fell once more with tumbled feathers to the earth, while the stag set off at full gallop and sought the friendly shelter of a pine wood. He was not a whit too soon, for the eagle attempted to renew the attack. Finally, the hart, thoroughly beaten and dismayed, disappeared in the dark shadows of the wood, while the eagle, somewhat ruffled from the conflict, was last seen soaring away beyond the crags of Corrie Mor.—We condense the foregoing details from an account which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* of December 13th.

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN

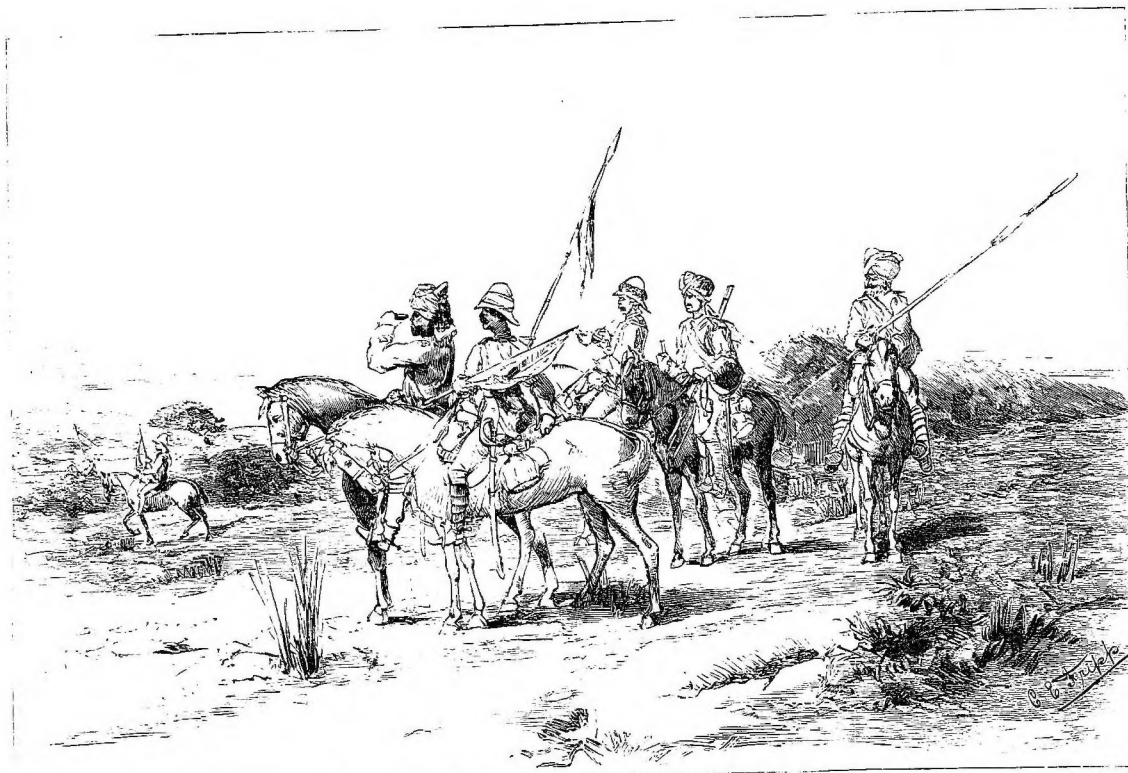
THE RECONNAISSANCE FROM SUAKIN, MARCH 19TH

"My principal sketches," writes our artist, Mr. C. E. Fripp, "are in connection with a strong reconnaissance which was made to-day in a due westerly direction from Suakin, the name of the place being Hasheen, where the enemy was reported to be in some strength, although there were rumours to the effect that Osman Digma had withdrawn altogether.

"Early this morning (March 19th), at 6 A.M., all the troops were paraded and drawn up north-west of Suakin, outside the camp, and were inspected by the General, who appears to have been much pleased by the appearance of the Indian Contingent. At half-past seven the British infantry returned to camp, whilst the above-mentioned reconnaissance was undertaken by all the mounted troops, with one battery of Royal Horse Artillery, supported by the Indian regiments, consisting of the 28th Bombay Native Infantry, 17th Bengal Infantry (Royal Poorbeahs), 15th Native Infantry (Loodiana Sikhs), and Madras Sappers and Miners, the cavalry consisting of 5th Lancers, 20th Hussars, the Mounted Infantry, and 9th Bengal Cavalry, the whole mounted force being about equal numerically to two complete regiments.

"The Infantry advanced five miles, but the Cavalry, which soon came upon the Arabs, who retired before us on the plain rapidly,





RECONNAISSANCE TOWARDS THE ENEMY'S CAMP AT HASHEEN



THE SURPRISE AT BAKER'S ZEREDA—A CORNER OF THE SQUARE FIFTEEN MINUTES AFTER THE BEGINNING OF THE ATTACK



INDIAN TROOPS SCOUTING IN THE BUSH NEAR SUAKIM

THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN  
FACSIMILES OF SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



reached the encampment of the enemy, capturing several prisoners on the way.

"My other sketches show the first inspection of the enemy by an advance party. From the number of large shelters built up of torn-up bushes and long grass around the mimosas the enemy must have consisted of from 1,200 to 1,500 men, though we saw but few. The enemy showed themselves only in small groups, but that they were present in large force was soon manifested by the sudden rush upon some detached Mounted Infantry, who had foolishly taken their horses on to the ridge of a steep rocky hill which overlooked the encampment at a range of 1,000 to 1,200 yards. One man, I believe, was killed—one officer and one man wounded I know; and if the enemy had been bolder the casualties on our side would have been greater, as the horses came down the steep, covered with sharp jutting rocks and stones, as if they were walking on glass. The enemy having thus shown his intention to fight, our Cavalry retired according to orders, but the Hadendows did not follow us as was hoped, so the whole force returned to camp. During the day all firing was done by the enemy, who appeared thoroughly to appreciate the advantages of his position on the hills. We very humanely did not destroy the encampment."

#### A CORNER IN THE ZEREBA, MARCH 22ND

WE have received from our artist an interesting letter and sketches of the surprise of Sir John McNeill's zereba, on March 22nd. As however the sketches will need careful engraving, and would lose much by being hurriedly executed, their appearance has been deferred until next week with the exception of this sketch, concerning which our artist writes thus:—

"As the fire slackened after ten or fifteen minutes—for the whole thing seemed to last a few moments—the knots and crowds of mixed soldiery were led forward in good order by their officers, and advanced over heaps of dead animals and men, the latter principally the enemy, to the thorn fences which were intended to have been the line of defence. In the front zereba the enemy lay in heaps, mown down by the fire of the Berkshire Regiment, which fought splendidly, and assembled under most disadvantageous circumstances. I went into the corner, which had been held by the Naval Brigade of the *Dolphin* with a Gardner, which could not be got to work in time. The enemy had swept over them after a desperate resistance, killing five, including Lieutenant Seymour, and wounding two more, out of nine. There were fifteen bodies of Arabs lying close to them, as shown in my sketch. In the front zereba lay 157 bodies of the enemy, and several of our dead, including a Sikh, whose head was completely severed from his body, his hands still holding his clubbed Snider. Opposite the line held by the Sikhs the enemy lost heavily, also outside the thorn fences on the left, and on the left rear especially. Camels lay dead and wounded all over the place, the enemy's dead and our slaughtered unarmed men and camp-followers scattered amongst the strewn baggage. Such a sharp, short, and murderous conflict has not occurred for years, the fight in which all the slaughter was done not having lasted more than ten minutes."

#### INDIAN TROOPS COOKING

ONE of the chief features of the Indian Contingent is the careful manner in which, even on the battle-field, all religious and social regulations with regard to food are carried out by the troops. Each caste has its own meals prepared separately, and messes by itself, lest the members should be contaminated, and become degraded as outcasts by their friends on their return. Indeed, it must be acknowledged that the commissariat of the Indian troops is far more thoroughly organised than that of their British colleagues, though it should be admitted that their wants are far more simple—a handful of rice and a pinch of curry powder serving for a good repast.

#### GENERAL GORDON'S KHARTOUM MEDAL

THIS medal was one of those struck last summer by General Gordon, in order to reward his troops and some of the inhabitants



of Khartoum for taking part in the gallant defence of that city. In a despatch to Sir Evelyn Baring, dated April 26th, 1884, the General wrote:—"We are making decorations for defence of Khartoum, a crescent and star, with words from Koran and date, so we count on victory, officers silver, men copper," adding characteristically, "You will not be asked to pay for them." On July 30th he writes again: "We have made a decoration with three degrees, silver gilt, silver, and pewter, with inscription 'Siege of Khartoum,' with a grenade in the centre. School children and women have also received one. Consequently I am very popular with the black ladies of Khartoum." The medal we depict is of pewter, and was purchased at Kortli by Lieutenant-Colonel John L. Tweedie, West Kent Regiment, from one of Gordon's soldiers, who came down the Nile in one of the steamers from Khartoum.

#### THE REV. R. F. COLLINS

THE Rev. Reginald F. Collins was educated at St. Charles's Roman Catholic College, Bayswater, whence he entered the Community of the Oblates of St. Charles, founded in London by Cardinal Manning. In due course he was ordained priest, and spent some years in the London Mission. Entering the Army as chaplain in 1879, he was stationed at Aldershot until 1882. In the August of that year he sailed for Egypt, in which country he has since remained. He was present at Tel-el-Kebir, and on the night of that battle the late Colonel Beasley, who died three days later, sent General Wolseley a letter in which he called attention to Mr. Collins's gallantry on that occasion. He won the admiration of his comrades by his devotion to duty during the cholera scourge at Alexandria. Last June he was sent to Suakin, and throughout the summer heats at that horrible place again showed the greatest

cheerfulness and energy and forgetfulness of self in the discharge of his duties. But even his iron constitution gave way for a time under the horrors of that place, and he was struck down by fever. In less than a month he was again on duty, and it may be hoped from the activity he displayed on the 22nd of March that his health has suffered no permanent injury.—Our portrait is from a photograph by L. Fiorillo, Alexandria; Egypt.

#### LIEUTENANT NEWMAN AND QUARTERMASTER EASTMEAD

THE fight of Sunday, March 22nd, was one of the most desperately contested actions since the attempt was made by the forces landed at Suakin to penetrate up country in the direction of Berber. The Berkshire regiment, the Marines, and part of the Indian contingent had moved out of camp and marched five miles towards Tamai. Their advance had been undisputed, zaribas were constructed, and the whole force was about to intrench for the night, when the enemy suddenly burst out of the thick bush and penetrated the zariba. Our loss was between twenty and thirty killed, among whom were the two officers whose portraits are here given—namely, Lieutenant E. M. B. Newman, of the Royal Engineers, aged twenty-three, eldest son of Lieutenant-Colonel Newman, also of the Engineers; and Quartermaster C. Eastmead, of the Ordnance Store Department.—Our portraits are from photographs:—Lieut. Newman by Elliott and Fry, 55, Baker Street, W.; Quartermaster Eastmead by Symonds and Co., Portsmouth.

#### THE ROYAL NAVAL RESERVE AT WHITSTABLE

"OUR Own Easter Review" was, indeed, on a small scale only; still, as the force transformed themselves from merchant seamen into Blue-jacket cutlassmen, gunners, and rifles, one might consider it as trebled. More could not be reasonably expected.

At the present moment, when the experiment is about to be made of arming merchant steamers, the Second or Royal Naval Reserve will receive some sort of test that has not hitherto been applied, and there is much consequent activity. This force, officers and men, are exclusively formed of the Mercantile Marine, and is not to be confused with the First Reserve (Coast Guard), who are all men-of-war's men of considerable service and good conduct, and who take their turn afloat bi-annually.

The Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers, it is barely needful to say, is another distinct force.

The Royal Naval Reserves take their annual drill, for which they are paid, on board a coastguard ship, or at a battery, which each division possesses, with a chief gunner's mate.

The men represented in the sketches were inspected at the battery near Whitstable by Captain Hardinge, and performed their work creditably; but, the function being finished, lost no time in unrigging and boarding a passing train to get home, the Whitstable natives, as represented by a few small boys, taking but a mild spat-like interest. The man-of-war's man proper—to whom the use of his weapons is almost second nature—is engaged in the congenial task, dear to the Blue-jacket, of tending his plot of garden.

#### THE HANLAN-CLIFFORD MATCH AT SYDNEY

AQUATIC enthusiasm is probably found in its most extreme form on the picturesque shores of Port Jackson. Nowhere else in the world would one-fourth of the population of a large city turn out to witness a single match between a couple of professional scullers. Yet this is what happens at Sydney. Fifty or sixty thousand persons crowd into steamers, or drive, or walk miles to take up a position on the river bank, all to witness a contest which lasts only twenty minutes. On the occasion of the present match, moreover, the spectators were drenched to the skin by a heavy thunderstorm.

The race started shortly after 4 P.M. on Saturday, February 7th, with ebb tide. The water, though smooth, was dull and heavy, and the time in which the distance was rowed—21 minutes 4 seconds—was not specially fast. The contest for the first mile and a half was a splendid tussle between two good men, but after that point had been passed Hanlan had his man fairly collared, and won with several lengths to spare, without distressing himself. Both Hanlan and Clifford described the race as a hard one for a mile and a half. Hanlan says he was determined to win or die, and he didn't die. He did not underrate the importance of the contest, and, as he phrases it himself, "it was the first time in his life that he ever took off his shirt to beat a man." On March 28th (the day of our University Boat Race) Hanlan rowed Beach for 1,000l. and the Championship of the World, and, strange to say, was beaten. Particulars of this remarkable event are anxiously looked for. A frightful catastrophe nearly occurred through one of the steamers, the *Commodore*, striking the bridge. As it was several persons were injured.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Lieutenant C. Field, Royal Marine Light Infantry, H.M.S. *Nelson*, at Sydney.

#### THE EASTER VOLUNTEER MANŒUVRES

THE Volunteer manœuvres held at the end of last week and the beginning of this took place under circumstances of peculiar interest. Never since the formation of the force has England had on hand so much military business as at the present moment, and never have the doings of the Volunteers been more anxiously watched than they have been this Easter. All sorts of rumours have been afloat. That the commanding officers of several metropolitan battalions have offered the services of their corps for garrison duty in London in the event of any necessity for sending the regular troops out of the country is well known. But it is not perhaps so well known that these offers have been provisionally accepted by the War Office, and that stations have been allotted to the various battalions, who would each furnish one company per day for guard duty. No serious interference with the daily occupations of the Volunteers would thus be caused; and in the event of a war with Russia it is not unlikely that Londoners may see the Bank, the public offices, and even the royal palaces guarded by volunteers. But rumours of a more serious kind have been rife. It has been whispered that the Government contemplate raising the capitation grant from 17. 10s. to 27. 10s. per year, in order that every battalion may be able to complete its equipment in some such thorough manner as that recently suggested by Sir Edward Hamley in the *Nineteenth Century*. In this case, it is said, the War Office would take a more active part in the control of the force; and it has even been openly urged that, in return for the expenditure of so much money per annum, the Government should have the power of sending the Volunteers abroad on active service. So wild a suggestion could only proceed from those who are ignorant of the feeling that underlies the enthusiasm of the Volunteers. Home defence against invasion is the basis of the Volunteer force; substitute for that the idea of foreign service, and the Volunteer force would melt away. We might, indeed, as well at once establish a conscription—an evil which only the existence of the Volunteer forces enables us now to avoid. With such rumours in the air, and with the din of military preparation loud in the land, it is no wonder that the recent Volunteer manœuvres assumed an especial interest to the men, the officers, and the country.

There were in all three important field-days, viz., those at Brighton, Dover, and Aldershot; and there were besides minor gatherings at Shorncliffe, Portsmouth, and Sheerness. At Sheerness the 2nd Kent Artillery Volunteers occupied Garrison Point Fort, and made some good practice, their work being somewhat

interrupted by the rain on Monday. At Portsmouth the 2nd London Rifles occupied Fort Elson, near Gosport; the laudable intention of the commanding-officer being to give his men a chance of practising garrison duty in all its details. At Shorncliffe several Volunteer battalions went into camp with the Regulars; and a sharp fight took place on Easter Monday between an invading and a defending force. Though brief, the work was exceedingly hard while it lasted, the troops having to make their way over very rough ground, and through thick woods. So close was the undergrowth through which the men had to make their way, that in one Volunteer company five men lost their bayonets and one officer his sword, and scarcely a man emerged without scratches on his face. A brilliant attack was made by the invading force, and when the "cease fire" sounded, it was generally believed that they had succeeded in driving back the defending force. The operations at Dover, though instructive and, on the whole, well carried out, were not on such a large scale as those of last year. The "general idea" was that an invading army had landed in Pegwell Bay, and was marching on Chatham by Canterbury, while a division at Deal, guarding communications, sent forward a brigade of infantry, a squadron of cavalry, and two batteries of artillery to oppose the advance. The action of Easter Monday was fought on the crests and slopes of the great central hollow in the undulating land between Dover and Deal. For the purposes of the sham-fight Fort Burgoyne was supposed to be non-existent; just as the forts on the Portsdown Heights are supposed to be non-existent in the reviews which have been held at Portsmouth. The ground was peculiarly adapted for strategic purposes, containing many undulations just deep enough to conceal the advance of bodies of troops, and being intersected by the Dover and Deal Railway and several parallel and cross-roads. The Volunteers worked well, the London Rifle Brigade and the 3rd London being conspicuous for their smartness and intelligence. At the conclusion of the engagement the result appeared doubtful; and the verdict of the umpires must be awaited before it can be known whether the attacking or defending force was victorious.

The march and sham fight at Brighton was by far the most important of the Easter Volunteer assemblies. The numbers taking part in the march of Good Friday and Saturday exceeded those of any previous occasion, and no effort was spared to render these marches instructive. It is now quite time to consider whether the conditions of the sham fight of Monday cannot in some way be altered to make it a more business-like function. At present the sole end of the Easter Monday display would seem to be to afford a pretty spectacle to the thousands of sightseers who crowd the Downs. The first steps towards making the work of Monday as instructive and business-like as that of Friday and Saturday must be to abolish that archaic ceremony, the march-past, and to conduct the operations over a far wider area. Last Monday the march past began at a quarter to twelve, and was over about one, the next hour and a half being occupied in getting the troops to their positions for the fight, the signal-gun firing at half-past two o'clock. Active minutes to four the "cease fire" sounded; and it is the simple truth that during this noisy battle all the Volunteers learned was how to blaze away as rapidly as possible the contents of their cartridge-pouches. The only persons who could possibly learn anything from the ridiculous proceedings were the Brigadiers and Divisional Commanders, and these, it is to be presumed, do not stand in need of such instruction as they can get on these occasions. The object of the Easter Monday Review is not to give opportunities to Regular officers of handling large bodies of troops, but to instruct the Volunteers in the art of war. The first step, therefore, is to abolish the march-past—a totally unnecessary display, considering the brief time allowed for the manœuvres. Were the march-past abolished, at least three hours would be gained, and that time could be utilised for marching the troops to distant rendezvous. From these stations they could feel towards each other across some miles of country, and excellent opportunities could be afforded for outpost, skirmishing, signalling, and ambulance work. The conditions, indeed, would then approach as nearly as possible to those of real warfare. The damage to ground and crops would be a small matter, which could easily be settled by the subscription of some extra money to recompense the farmers. On Monday last the conduct of the Volunteers was admirable, and any absurdities during the sham fight were the fault of the officers, and not of the men. It cannot now be doubted that in the 206,000 Volunteers England has a force which, with a few weeks' drill, could oppose a formidable resistance to the best Continental troops.

Our illustrations depict some of the leading features of the Brighton review. The engraving in the centre shows the march-past on the race-course, with the guns of the 2nd Middlesex Artillery in the foreground. These guns were horsed by carthorses led by carters in rustic attire, while the horses' tails were tied with coloured ribbons, the whole effect being not a little incongruous. The mounted infantry of the Victorias are a smart and useful body. In the recent manœuvres, however, they showed some tendency to forget that they are infantry, and to assume too much the functions of cavalry. Similar bodies of mounted infantry are being raised in connection with other Volunteer battalions; and the fear that has been expressed that these bodies of mounted infantry will divert men from the Yeomanry is almost entirely groundless. "Running the Blockade" was a common incident during the sham fight, when, every now and then, a boy or man would burst through the line of dragoons keeping the ground, to be hotly pursued by two or three troopers; fugitive, troopers, and spectators equally enjoying the joke. The Nordenfeldt guns of the Central London Rangers were fully illustrated and described in this journal soon after their establishment. The Central London Rangers are at present the only Volunteer battalion armed with machine guns. On Monday last the guns were nimbly handled, though they did not come into action till late in the engagement.

#### "A PATIENT MODEL"

HERE we have the very model of models. He stands as motionless as if he were enacting a *tableau vivant*, nor does he charge for his services, as do his biped brethren. There is something really pathetic in the attitude of this poor old horse. He stands so perfectly still, because movement causes pain in every joint of his over-taxed body. Then he looks with mournful eyes straight before him. Not at the painter or his easel, or at the pair of eager lookers-on. He does not care a wisp of mouldy hay for all the artists in the world: if all the Royal Academicians in a body were to paint him at once, he would feel no gratification. His gaze looks beyond these trivialities. It expresses a longing for Rest. Is there nothing comfortable in store for the horse after death in the shafts, or the grisly horrors of the knacker's yard? Why should man, who at the best is but a selfish, discontented creature, arrogate to himself the monopoly of immortality? Has the God of Love provided no Paradise for the cruelly-treated horse?

#### "BOOTLES' BABY"

A NOVELETTE by J. S. Winter, illustrated by W. Ralston, is continued on page 365.

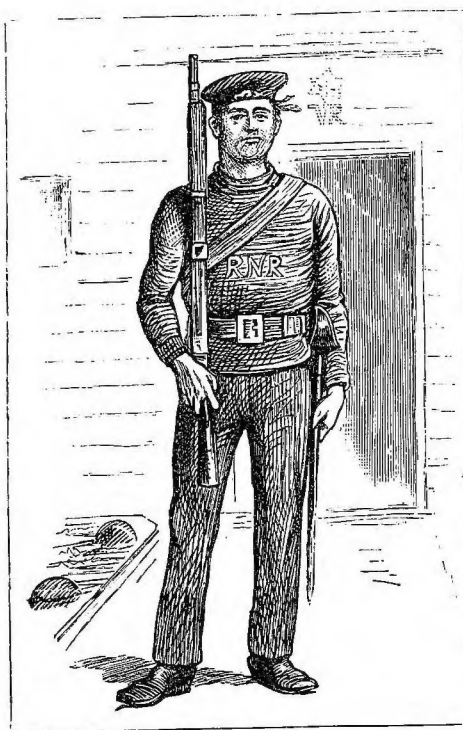
#### A BOER RAID IN SOUTH AFRICA

MOST of the recent troubles in South Africa may be attributed to the insatiable freebooting and land-grabbing tendencies of a large portion of the descendants of the old Dutch population. These marauding tendencies have become far more marked since the Trans-



**J. CYCLING.**—One of the many Bicycle Championships which are contested by professionals at Leicester during the year was run for on Saturday last, when H. O. Duncan won the Fifty Miles event in 3 h. 17 min. 14½ secs. As a rule the "market" pretty accurately indicates the winner, or at least those likely to make a good show in such contests, but on this occasion not one of the three first favourites managed to get a place. Of the twelve starters seven rode "Humbers," two "Royal Maills," and three "Rudges," the winner being on one of the last-named machines.





A MAN O WAR



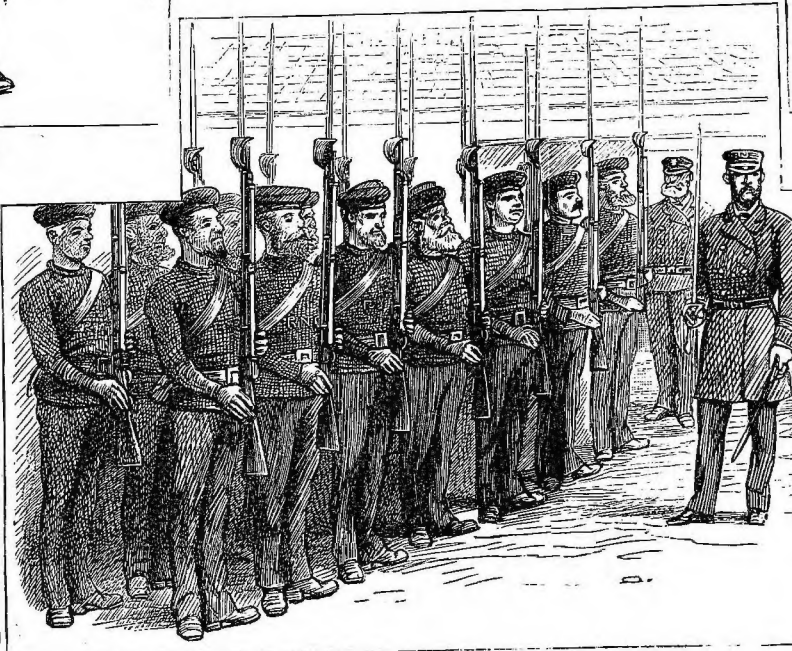
IN AND OUT OF UNIFORM



A MAN O' PEACE



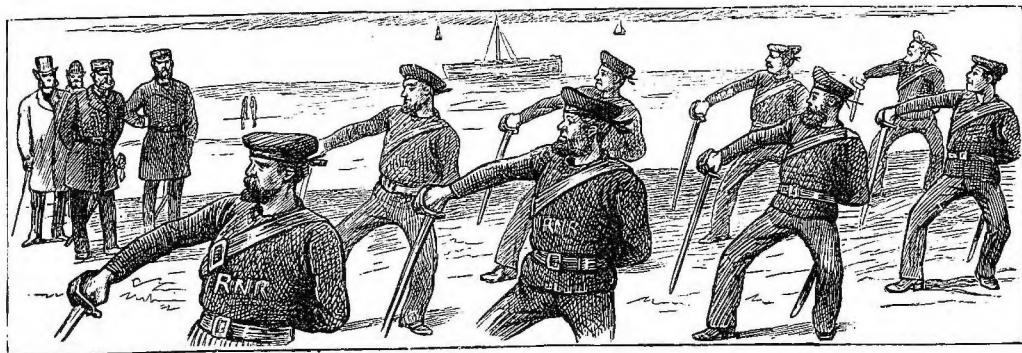
A POWDER MONKEY



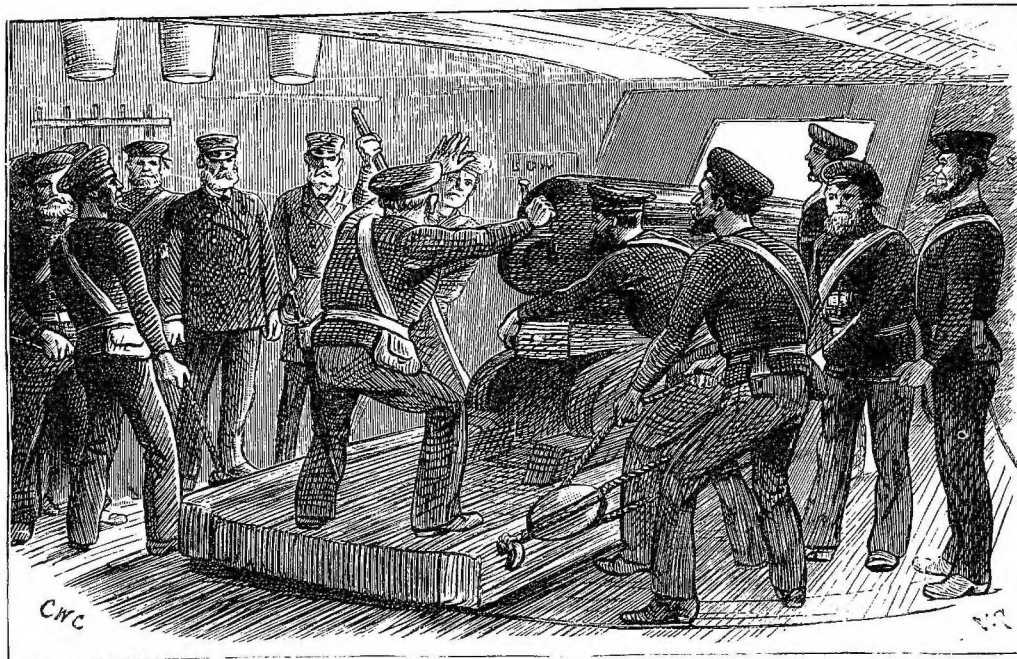
PRESENTING ARMS—INFANTRY



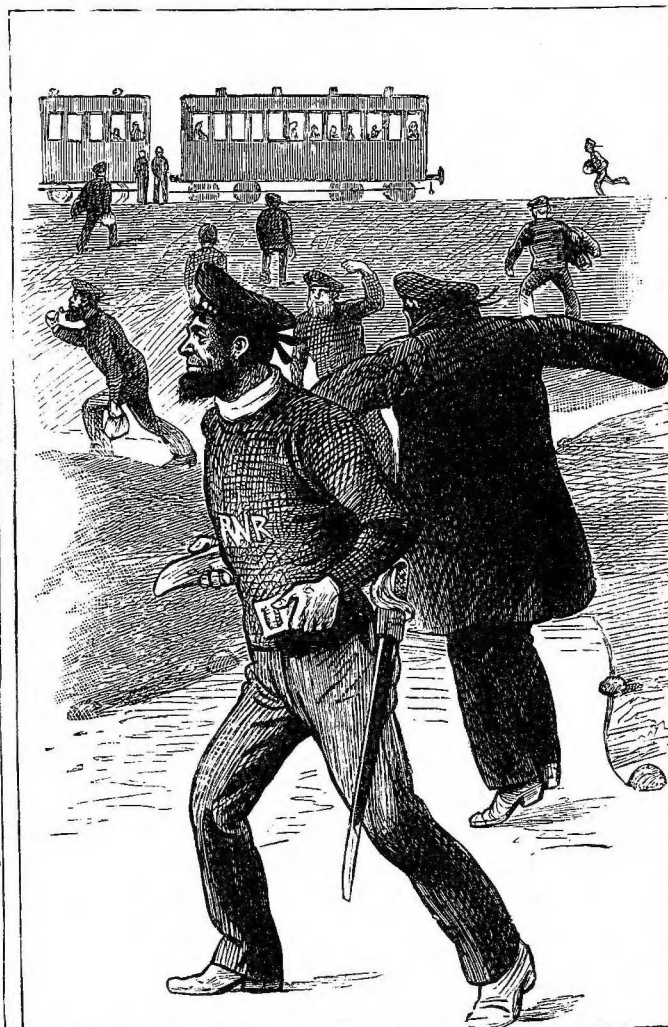
PREPARING TO RAM



CUTLASS DRILL - BLUE-JACKETS

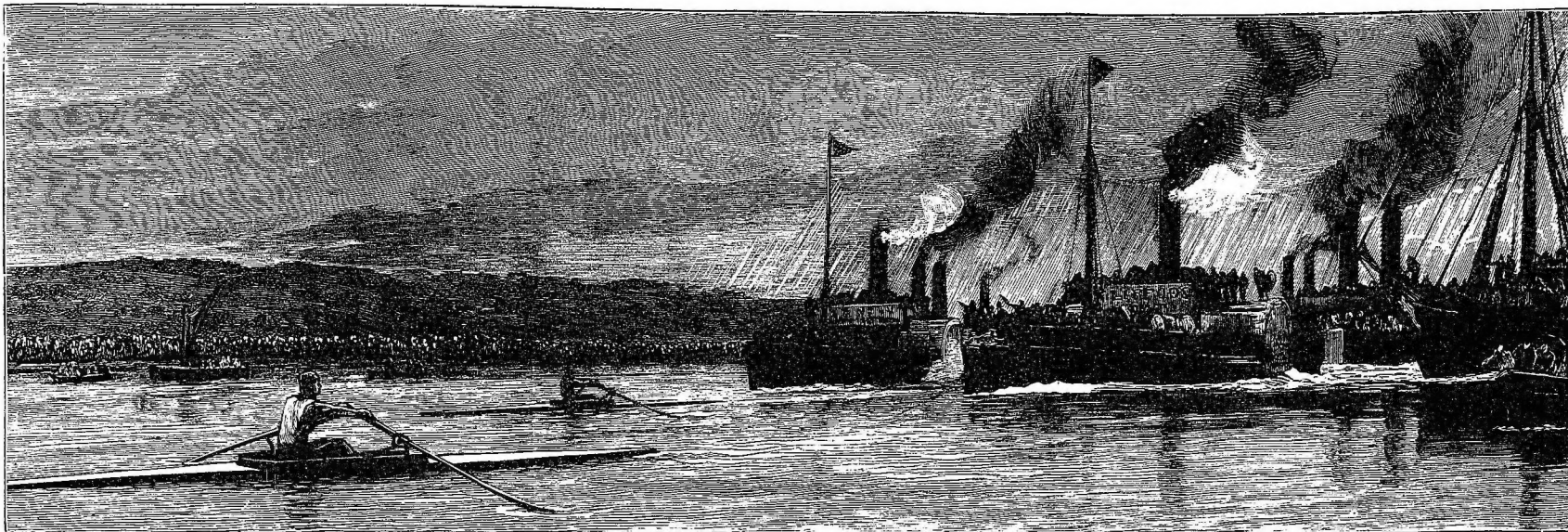


IN THE BATTERY GUNNERS

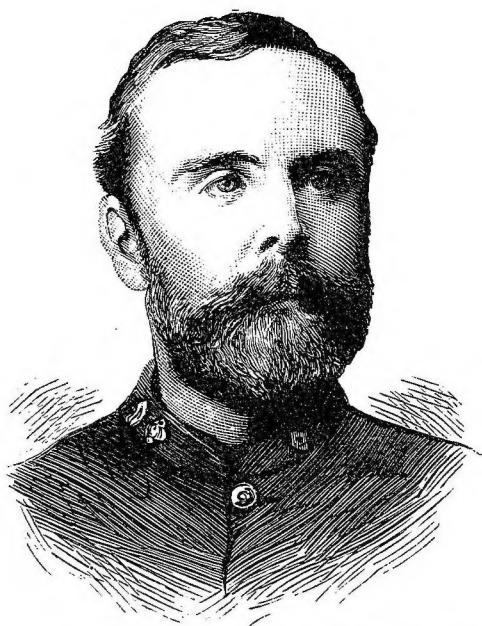


UNRIG AND RUSH THE TRAIN





SCULLING MATCH ON THE PARRAMATTA RIVER, SYDNEY, BETWEEN CLIFFORD AND HANLAN, FEBRUARY 7



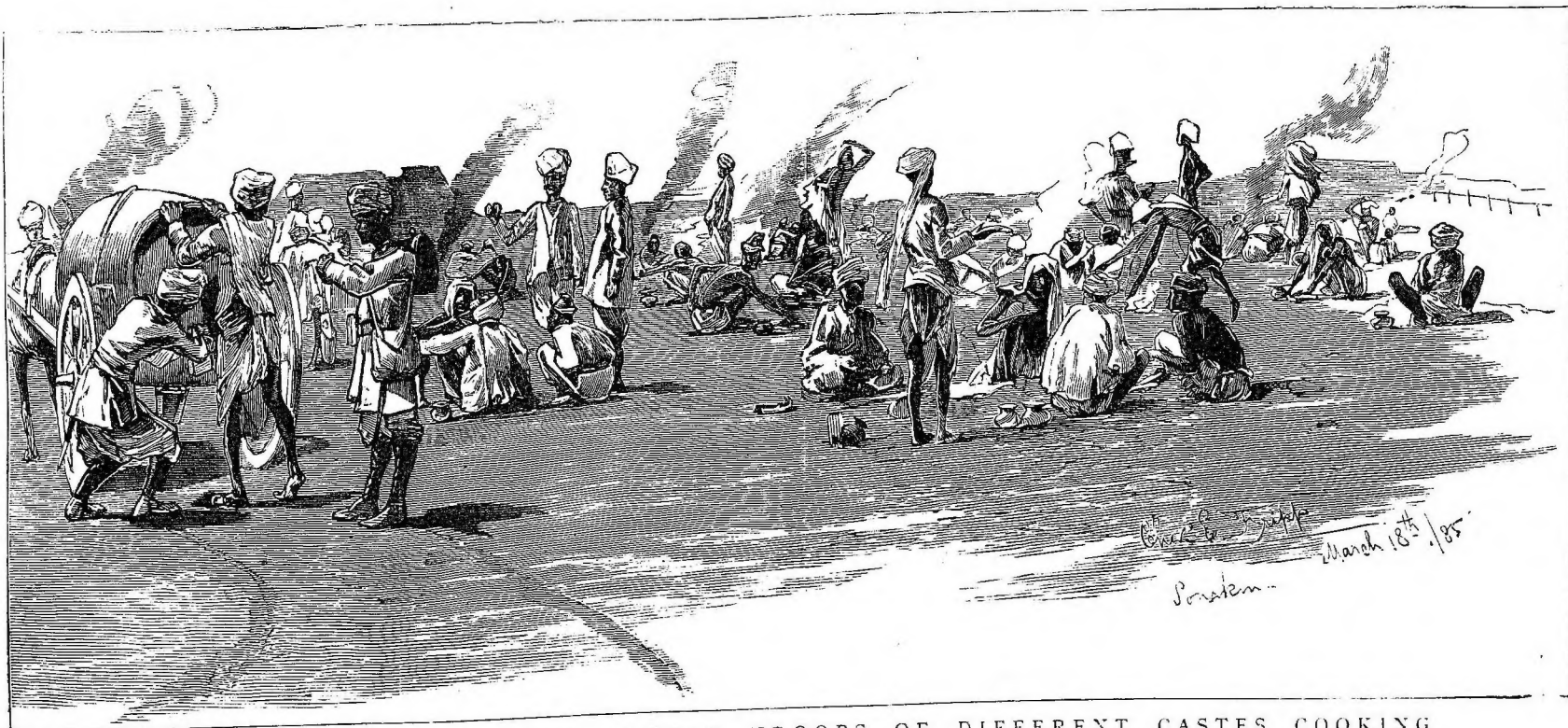
REV. REGINALD F. COLLINS, MILITARY CHAPLAIN  
Who Fought in the Surprise at Baker's Zereba Back to Back with  
Major Alston, and Who Walked from One Square to Another  
in a Hail of Bullets to Order the Indian Troops  
to Cease Firing



LIEUT. E. M. B. NEWMAN, R.E.  
Killed in the Fight at Baker's Zereba, March 22



QUARTERMASTER C. EASTMEAD  
Killed in the Fight at Baker's Zereba, March 22



THE WAR IN THE SOUDAN—INDIAN TROOPS OF DIFFERENT CASTES COOKING  
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. C. E. FRIPP





**ENGLAND, RUSSIA, AND AFGHANISTAN.**—As we are going to press a telegram from St. Petersburg states that hostilities have broken out on the Afghan border. General Komaroff attacked the fortified position of the Afghans on the banks of the Khushk River on the 30th ult. The Afghans, who numbered 4,000, were defeated and dispersed with 500 killed—the whole of their camp and artillery being captured by the Russians.

The reply of the St. Petersburg Cabinet to Lord Granville's letter has been received by our Cabinet, but its tenour has not yet been divulged. Meanwhile, war preparations are being continued on a scale which do not augur well for the maintenance of peace. In India negotiations have been actively proceeding at Pawal Pindi between the Ameer and the Viceroy, great secrecy being observed with regard to the deliberations. On Monday there was a grand review of our troops before the Ameer and Lord Dufferin, the native contingents particularly distinguishing themselves by their appearance and bearing. The weather was unfavourable, the rain coming down in heavy showers, so that much of the display was shorn of its grandeur. A grand banquet was given to the Ameer in the evening by the Viceroy, who duly proposed Abdurrahman's health. The reply of the Ameer was most friendly. He wished prosperity to the British Government and to Afghanistan, and honour to all who serve the Queen. "Might my army," he exclaimed, "be ever victorious." On Tuesday another review took place on a grander scale, and Lord Dufferin has evidently lost no opportunity of impressing his guest with the power and might of England. Nor have his efforts failed of their effect, as on Wednesday, when the long-expected Grand Durbar was held, the Ameer made a speech thanking the Queen and the Viceroy for the presents, and declaring that in return he would render every possible service as regards his people or his army. "As the British," he continued, "have declared that they will help Afghanistan in beating off external enemies, the Afghan nation will join in the firmest manner, and will stand side to side with the British." When, also, the Viceroy presented him with a sword of honour, the Ameer declared that "he hoped to strike with it any enemy of the British."

More solid preparations for active hostilities are also being vigorously pushed forward. The Second Army Corps, with its reserves, has been ordered to be in readiness for active service, the railway at Quetta is to be finished without delay, and meanwhile a temporary line will be laid through the Bolan, alliances have been concluded with the Maharajahs of Cashmere and Rajpootanah, while the Nizam of Nepal has offered a force of 15,000 picked Ghoorikas, to be absolutely under our own control, and to be officered by Englishmen. Indeed, the most gratifying offers of assistance in men and money come from the native Princes, and it is manifest that Russia, in calculating upon receiving sympathy from the natives in the event of an invasion of India, has reckoned without her host. Forgetting their grievances and jealousies, the whole population have shown absolute loyalty at this crisis, and not a voice has been raised in favour of Russia, with whom a war would seemingly be most popular.

From RUSSIA herself come no authentic news, but reports from other countries state that she is arming secretly but largely, while it is worthy of note that her fleet in the Pacific is being largely increased. It is stated, however, that great disaffection exists amongst the Russian officers, while a very large portion of her population could not be wholly depended upon in the event of a war. Both Turkey and Persia would also be rather against than for Russia should hostilities break out. Indeed, our authorities, alive to the importance of Persian aid, are stated to be making important advances to the Shah, while our little differences with the Porte seem to be already healed. The European Press, however, mainly agree in asserting that war will be averted, and point to the recent pacific utterances of Prince Bismarck in evidence of this. There is one noteworthy exception to this, however, namely, the *Egyptian*, the organ of M. Vambéry, the well-known Central Asian traveller, which asserts that war between England and Russia is inevitable, that the Ameer is ready to sell himself to the highest bidder, and that Russia would not hesitate to pay a long price for such an important prize. Our Pacific colonies and stations are naturally somewhat alarmed at the prospect of a war with Russia, which would lay them open to a visit from the Russian fleet, and are loudly proclaiming their defenceless condition, and urging the Home Government to take immediate steps for their protection in the form of sending some torpedo fleets and reinforcements of troops. At Hong-Kong a fleet of steam launches, armed with Nordenfeldts and manned by volunteers, has already been formed.

In EGYPT General Graham marched 8,000 men to Tamai last week, without, however, incurring any opposition beyond a few desultory shots, Osman Digma having abandoned the position, and having withdrawn with his forces further into the mountains. Great care and caution against a second surprise were exercised by our troops throughout the advance, and the night of the 1st inst. was passed in General McNeill's zeriba. The following night was spent on Teselah Hill, and the next morning the enemy opened a dropping fire, which was speedily silenced by our artillery, and then an advance party moved forward, and, taking possession of Tamai springs, burnt the village. The springs proved to be exceedingly low, and the water bad, and so General Graham ordered the troops to return to the zeriba, and thence on the 4th to Suakim, as now that all danger of another immediate attack by Osman Digma was at an end, the railway could be pushed forward towards Handoub. Moreover our spies reported that Osman Digma had only 1,000 men with him, as his followers no longer placed trust in his assurance of victory, and in his power to drive the infidel army into the sea. Accordingly on Monday General Fremantle, with a mixed battalion of Guards, Engineers, and Australians, advanced towards Handoub, and constructed a zeriba about four miles from that village. As the troops moved forward, the navvies set to work to lay down the railway line, and about a mile and a-half was accomplished that day. On Tuesday the troops were busily occupied in cutting and clearing a road through the thick bush for three miles, and on Wednesday marched to Handoub, where a zeriba and fort were constructed so as to cover the railway as it progressed. As the advanced force pushes on and makes fresh zeribas, those in the rear are occupied by reinforcements from Suakim, and thus the whole line will be covered by a fortified line of stations. Though all reports point to the dispersal of Osman Digma's army and the discouragement of his followers, the Arabs continue to make sly attacks upon the zeribas and the convoys, but are now driven off by a few volleys.

Lord Wolseley arrived at Assouan on Tuesday, and is continuing his journey to Cairo, whither Prince Hassan will also return. The Mudir of Dongola has now left the Mudirah for Cairo, and there is no news of importance from our forces on the Nile. The Mahdi is rumoured to have been defeated in an encounter with a large portion of the Kordofan army, the men having declared their intention of returning to their homes, as they had served a sufficient

time under arms, and as, moreover, the main object of the campaign had been achieved.

Peace preliminaries have been signed between FRANCE and CHINA on the basis of the Fournier Treaty of May, 1884. Tonkin is to be evacuated, but no indemnity is to be paid. The new negotiations have been carried on by M. Billot through the intermediation of Sir Robert Hart, the Director of Chinese Customs, assisted by Mr. Campbell, and were concluded on Tuesday, when a preliminary agreement was ratified by the Tsung Li Yamen, and published in the *Peking Gazette*. Hostilities were to cease on April 10, the places in the Delta are to be evacuated by the Chinese troops ten days later, and the remaining posts yielded up by degrees. These negotiations had been conducted with the sanction of M. Grévy, as head of the State, and of M. Jules Ferry, when in office; but the latter had not had time to impart the substance of them to his successor in the Premiership, M. Brisson. M. Ferry thus communicated the news of peace to M. Grévy on Tuesday afternoon at the very moment when M. Brisson in the Chamber, and M. de Freycinet in the Senate, were reading the programme of the new Ministry, which announced the energetic continuation of the campaign to enforce the Fournier Treaty, and asked for a credit of 6,000,000*fr.*, which was duly voted by 373 votes to 92. M. Brisson, upon the failure of M. de Freycinet and M. Constans to get together a Ministry, undertook the task. Though himself of essentially Radical opinions, he formed an eminently "conciliatory" Cabinet, as it contains seven members of the Union Républicaine, to which party M. Ferry and his colleagues belong. Besides M. Brisson himself there are four men new to office—M. Clamageran (Finance), a naturalised American; M. Hervé-Mangon (Agriculture), an eminent scientist; M. Sarrien (Posts and Telegraphs), a barrister; and Admiral Galiber (Marine), who formerly commanded the Madagascar squadron. The other Ministers are M. de Freycinet (Foreign Affairs), M. Allain Targé (Interior), a member of the short-lived Gambetta Ministry; M. Goblet (Public Instruction and Worship), General Campenon (War), M. Sadi Carnot (Public Works), and M. Pierre Legrand (Commerce), all of whom have previously held office. The Ministerial declaration, beyond the announcement respecting the Tonkin war, contained nothing of note, and the whole Cabinet is looked upon mainly as a business committee elected to carry on the affairs of the nation until the General Election should decide in whose hands the reins of power should be placed. M. Brisson, it is well known, is anxious to avoid party strife. He had, it is asserted, looked upon the Speakership of the Chamber as a stepping-stone to the Presidency of the Republic, and wished to avoid the example of M. Gambetta, and to rather follow that of M. Grévy. The crisis, however, was so strained that on a strong appeal to his patriotism he gave way, and accepted the Premiership. On Wednesday M. Floquet was elected Speaker in place of M. Brisson. There is little other news of external interest save that the Sub-Committee of the Suez Canal Commission has been holding preliminary meetings, under the presidency of M. Barrère, but no real business has been done, owing to the change of Ministry.

The Revolt in CANADA has assumed more serious proportions. Riel has now formed a Provisional Government with himself as President, and Gabriel Dumas as Commander-in-Chief, and is stated to have been joined by 4,000 Indians. The rising is stated to have been occasioned by the land surveys of the Dominion Government interfering with the land rights claimed by the Half-Breeds—in short, the old story of the invasion of civilisation into the domains of hunters and free-traders. The rebels consequently demand the subdivision into provinces of the North-West Territory, and that the Half-Breeds should receive the same grants and other advantages as the Manitoba Half-Breeds, together with various privileges of land patents, free schools, hospitals, and other institutions, and the distribution of seed, grain, and implements. The Government are acting with great energy in despatching troops to the scene of revolt, and despite bad weather a strong contingent reached Winnipeg on Tuesday, being preceded by troops from Quebec and Kingston. Thence they will be sent on to Qu'Appelle by rail, and there will join the force already under General Middleton, and march upon the rebels some 200 miles northwards. Indeed, the General began his advance on Sunday to the Touchwood Hills, a distance of twenty-five miles. Careful precautions are being taken against assistance being conveyed across the frontier by Fenians or Indians. The border will be watched by both United States and Canadian troops, and General Terry, the commander of the former, has shown himself most anxious to co-operate with the Canadian authorities. No little anxiety is felt with regard to Battleford, Fort Albert, and other isolated posts between Winnipeg and the Saskatchewan, and though by the last reports they were holding out, it was feared that their power of resistance is limited, and that it would be some time before General Middleton could relieve them. The settlers of Alberta Territory are taking advantage of the crisis to demand a settlement of their land claims. Otherwise they threaten to rise.

In CENTRAL AMERICA a great battle was fought on the 2nd inst. between President Barrios with his Guatemalan army and the San Salvador army at Chalchepa. President Barrios was completely defeated, and, it is said, was killed, his gold-hilted sword having been found on the field of battle. An armistice for a month was at once concluded, and the Guatemalan Assembly annulled President Barrios' obnoxious decree proclaiming a Central American Republic. President Diaz of Mexico has nominated his Minister of Justice, Señor Baranda, to mediate between the Central American States, so as to bring about a final and satisfactory settlement.

ANOTHER little war of more international importance, however, is being waged in the Isthmus of PANAMA, where for some months an insurrection against the Colombian Government has been rife. Last week, however the insurgents, in order to escape capture by the Government troops, burnt Aspinwall, the Atlantic terminus of the Panama Railway. The shipping and the Pacific Mail Company's wharf were saved, but the whole of the town was destroyed. Commander Kane, of the United States war vessel *Galena*, at once landed her men to protect the property and the homeless population, of whom some 10,000 were destitute and without shelter, and sent to his Government for help. This was at once furnished in the form of reinforcements of marines and three more vessels—Admiral Jouett, the commander, however, being strictly enjoined to confine his efforts to ensuring the restoration of free transit across the Isthmus, and to the protection of the lives and property of American subjects. He is in no way, however, to interfere in the social and political disorders of Colombia.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear from ITALY that the Garibaldi family have ceded the island of Caprera to the State, on condition that a hospital for seamen shall be established in the island, that the grave of Garibaldi shall be preserved there for ever, and that a lighthouse shall be built.—GERMANY has been mourning the death of the well-known musical composer Franz Abt, who died at Wiesbaden. Prince Bismarck has published a letter of thanks to the nation for its congratulations to him on his birthday.—In the UNITED STATES General Grant lies still in a hopeless condition, and Senator Frelinghuysen is now stated to be dangerously ill. On Saturday, Mr. Henry Irving bade a final farewell to the American stage at the Star Theatre, New York, amid a general scene of enthusiasm. A farewell banquet was given to Mr. Irving on Monday.—The latest British annexation is Port Hamilton, a coaling station on an island of the Korean Archipelago.



THE Queen and Princess Beatrice make daily excursions round Aix-les-Bains, where the weather is somewhat variable. Her Majesty usually drives or walks in the morning in Marlborough Park, which has been set apart for the Royal visitors during their stay, and in the afternoon takes longer drives. Thus the Queen and Princess have been to the Col du Chat, to St. Innocent, and along the shores of the Bourget Lake, as well as to Lady Whalley's residence—the Maison du Diable. On Sunday Divine Service was performed at the Villa Mottet before Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice, the Rev. D. L. McAnally officiating. Lord Carlingford is the Minister in attendance, and Lord Lyons visits the Queen next Tuesday. Her Majesty, according to the *World*, occupies upwards of forty rooms in the Villa Mottet, her whole suite being accommodated in the house. The Queen herself inhabits four rooms on the second floor, and Princess Beatrice's apartments adjoin her mother's. Her Majesty has brought her own carriages and horses.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have gone to Ireland. Before leaving, the Prince and Princess spent Easter with their family at Sandringham, where on Good Friday and Sunday they attended Divine Service at St. Mary Magdalene's. Accompanied by their two sons, the Prince and Princess came to town on Monday, and in the evening went to the Prince's Theatre. Next day the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince and Princess Christian, and the Duke of Cambridge, and Lord Lyons, visited the Queen next Tuesday. The Prince and Princess of Wales and Prince Albert Victor started for Holyhead, Princess Louise and the Dukes of Edinburgh and Cambridge wishing them good-bye at Euston Station. The Royal party immediately went on board the *Osborne* at Holyhead, where they spent the night in harbour, and sailed at sunrise on Wednesday morning, escorted by a portion of the Channel Squadron. The Viceroy and Lady Spencer received the Prince and Princess at Kingstown, whence they went in State to Dublin Castle, receiving addresses on the way. In the afternoon they visited the Cattle Show of the Royal Agricultural Society, at Ball's Bridge. On Thursday the Prince was to inspect some model dwellings for artisans, and later held a *levée* at the Castle, where 1,500 attendances were expected, while, if the latter ceremonial was over in time, he would subsequently visit the Port and Dock Works, and christen a new basin. In the evening the Princess was to hold a Drawing Room, when 1,000 ladies would be presented. Yesterday (Friday) morning was to be occupied in receiving addresses. The Prince and Princess would also lay the foundation-stone of the new Science and Art Museum, and the Prince would receive an Honorary degree from the Irish University, and a State Ball at the Castle was fixed for the evening. To-day the Royal party visit Trinity College and the Artane Industrial School, and to-morrow they attend Divine Service in the morning at the Chapel Royal, Castle Yard, and in the afternoon at St. Patrick's National Cathedral. On Monday they leave for Connamore to stay with the Earl and Countess of Listowel.—Prince George does not accompany his parents, as he joins the *Excellent* at Portsmouth to-day (Saturday) for a course of instruction in torpedo practice, gunnery, and pilotage. He has successfully passed his examination for the rank of lieutenant.

The Duchess of Edinburgh attended the Easter Midnight Service at the Russian Chapel, Welbeck Street, on Saturday night, and afterwards was present at the Russian Ambassador's customary supper at the Embassy.—The Duchess of Albany went to Windsor on Sunday morning to attend Divine Service at St. George's Chapel, while on Tuesday, the anniversary of her husband's birthday, she visited the Royal vault to place wreaths on his tomb.—Prince Charles of Sweden, third son of the King and Queen, who has been making a lengthy Eastern tour with his younger brother Prince Eugène, has been seriously ill with typhoid fever at Constantinople, but is now out of danger. The Swedish King and Queen have gone to Constantinople to see him.



THE House of Commons resumed its work on Thursday, after an exceptionally brief interlude known by courtesy as the Easter Recess. There was a time, even within the memory of the present generation, when the Easter and Whitsuntide Recesses formed appreciable breaks in the labour of a Session. But that, with much else, is changed. The Easter Recess just closed lasted a week and a day, and had the petty perfidy of the Irish members succeeded to full extent, the odd day would have been knocked off. Mr. Gladstone in fixing the length of the Easter holidays hinted that exceptional brevity should be compensated for at Whitsuntide. But experienced members wait to see what Whitsuntide brings forth before making their holiday arrangements. Some time ago it was suggested that instead of the two scrappy holidays at Easter and Whitsuntide there should be one inter-session recess to take place at Whitsuntide. This suggestion met with much favour at the time, but has since dropped out of mind. The fact is that the House of Commons, always ready to reform other institutions, is exceedingly backward in laying an improving hand on its own arrangements, and the probability is that there will be ineffectual recesses at Easter and Whitsuntide till the end of time.

The House returned to its labours with a curious sense of not having intermitted them. With one striking exception all things seemed as they had been. There was the Seats Bill as the *pièce de résistance*, with innumerable fripperies in the way of questions. One fresh incident was the reappearance of Lord Randolph Churchill, fresh from his visit to India. The House of Commons can, when put to it, get along without any particular person. When in the early Sessions of the Parliament of 1874 Mr. Disraeli was in the very prime of his Parliamentary career, members used to ask themselves after one of his brilliant episodes, "What shall we do when Dizzy's gone?" Lord Randolph Churchill is very much in the way that Mr. Disraeli was, and in a manner which, with all his commanding genius, Mr. Gladstone has never attained, a part of the life of the House of Commons. It is with him as it used to be with Mr. Disraeli. Even if he sits silent the interest in the passing scene is deepened, since no one can say that he may not any moment dash in and ruffle the pool of commonplace with his own distinct individuality. Lord Randolph's seat has been empty or appropriated by a minor personage for four months, and the House of Commons has gone its way apparently disregarding. But every one was glad to see him back in it, twirling his moustache with familiar gesture, and watching with keen eyes the benches opposite.

Members returned to their labours with a sense that there is an immense amount to be done, and the certainty that they will do a very little. This has been a great Session for Ministers, and a vexatious one for private members ambitious of trying their hands at legislation. One of the incidental consequences of the compact





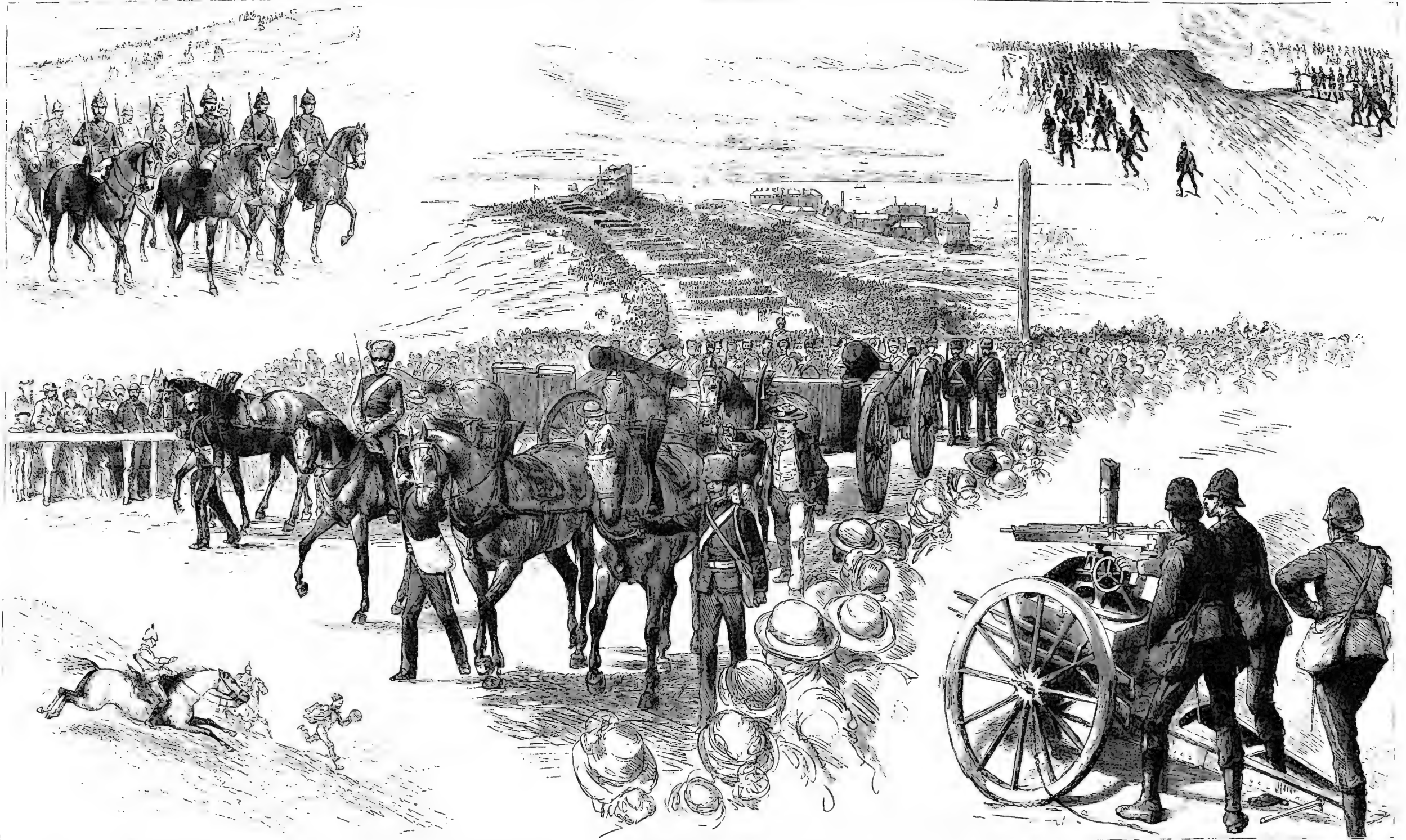
## THEATRES

Among other noteworthy dramatic events of the week have been the reopening of the St. JAMES'S, with *The Queen's Shilling* and *A Quiet Rubber*; in which Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. Hare, and their admirable comedy company appear. New scenery and appointments are provided for these revivals, which attract large audiences.—At the LYCEUM, Miss Mary Anderson has presented herself once more in the part of Pauline in *The Lady of Lyons*.—New plays which we have unfortunately not had an opportunity of seeing have



THE MOUNTED INFANTRY OF THE VICTORIA R.V.

THE HEAT OF BATTLE



RUNNING THE BLOCKADE

THE MARCH PAST

THE NORDENFELDT GUN OF THE CENTRAL LONDON RANGERS

THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW AT BRIGHTON



also been produced at the BRITANNIA, the NATIONAL STANDARD, and other houses.

The performance of *A Blot on the Scutcheon*, which the Browning Society are preparing to give at ST. GEORGE'S HALL, will be looked forward to with much interest by Mr. Browning's admirers. Mr. Lawrence Barrett has lately appeared in this play in various American cities, and it is said—though the testimony is not unanimous—with great success. This tragedy, with the exception of one or two performances given by Mr. Phelps at Sadler's Wells many years ago, has not been acted in England since its production by Mr. Macready at Drury Lane in 1843.

A new version of *La Cigale*:—the original of *The Grasshopper*—in which Miss E. Farren used to play the heroine at the Gaiety, is to be brought out at the GRAND Theatre this evening, under the title of *Good Luck*.

A dramatic version of *Dark Days* will be the novelty at the HAYMARKET when this theatre reopens under new management in September.



## II.

THE opening paper in this month's *Nineteenth Century* is by Major-General Sir Henry Rawlinson on "The Russian Advance in Central Asia." It is eminently calculated to inform the public mind as to the real issues involved in the controversy as to the Russo-Afghan boundary. He summarises his argument thus:—"It must not for a moment be imagined that, unless forced by severe military disaster, Russia would really abandon the great object of threatening India, in pursuit of which she has already sacrificed so much treasure and spilt so much of the best blood of her army. All that we should gain would be a respite. With her attention riveted on Herat, which would henceforth become the centre-piece of the Asiatic political tableau, Russia might be content to withdraw from her present aggressive attitude and bide her time at Merv and Sarakhs. Our own proceedings must in any case mainly depend on the issue of the interview which is about to take place between the Viceroy of India and the Ameer of Cabul. If, as there is every reason to anticipate, a complete understanding should be arrived at between the two authorities, the further demonstration against India would be met and checked. The defences of Herat, under British superintendence, would rapidly assume the dimensions and completeness befitting the importance of the position as the frontier fortress of Afghanistan and the 'Key of India.'—Sir Samuel Wilson, on "A Scheme for Imperial Federation," is also well worth reading. He disposes very effectually of the objections raised by Lord Norton, Lord Bury, Mr. Arthur Mills, and others to the plans for accomplishing the closer union of our race.

Among many striking articles in the *Fortnightly* may be selected those by Colonel Hozier and by "A Field Officer" on "England and Europe," the one dealing with "The Bulwarks of Empire," the other with "The Armed Strength of England." Colonel Hozier is decidedly pessimist, and, after going into elaborate detail to prove our unpreparedness for war, he concludes as follows:—"Till the middle of the present century, wars were, as a rule, preceded by long diplomatic negotiations; and the difficulties of moving troops made many weeks elapse before armies came into collision. Steam and electricity have altered all this. Wars are now quick in their beginning, and rapid in their decision. The nation that is found asleep must suffer severely. Our statesmen seem to trust to good fortune and not to good management. Not only are they timorous of incurring any financial responsibility, but even the most ordinary precautions which might be taken without expenditure are neglected." "A Field Officer" writes very sensibly, taking a middle line between the alarmists and those who would leave our military condition alone.—Mr. A. M. Broadley maintains eloquently in "English Interests in North Africa" our deep concern in the affairs of Tripoli and Morocco, if we wish to hinder the Mediterranean from becoming a French lake, and France from controlling our road to India.

In the *National Review* Mr. Percy Greg writes an able article on "The New Radicals," in which he analyses and contests the claim of the party of Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Dilke to be the true successor of the political movement with which we associate the names of Grote and Cobden, of Mill and Molesworth.—Mr. James H. Stronge's "A Conservative View of the Irish Loyalists and Home Rule" is of interest in connection with the new attitude taken by Irish Conservatives towards the English Tory party. "We all know," says Mr. Stronge, "an Irish party which seems to hate England more than it loves its own country: which rejoices in every misadventure which befalls England abroad, and which has well-nigh destroyed the system of Parliamentary government of which England once was so proud. We know also an Irish party which values the connection between the two countries as the greatest of political advantages, and whose members are prepared to defend that connection even by force of arms, unless they should find England herself arrayed against them."

The most generally attractive of the papers in this month's *Harper* is that by Dr. W. H. Russell on "The Prince of Wales at Sandringham." It gives a very pleasant picture of the Royal home in Norfolk, and is charmingly illustrated with wood engravings taken from photographs.—Mr. James Lane Allen's story, "Too Much Momentum," will bear perusal. It is, perhaps, a little long drawn out, but the humour is admirable.

Mr. Howells' second paper, entitled "A Florentine Mosaic," in the *Century*, is a wonderfully well-done sketch of the Florence of Lorenzo de' Medici and Savonarola. "I have a suspicion," Mr. Howells writes, "which I own with shame and reluctance, that I should have liked Lorenzo's company much better, and that I, too, should have felt to its last sweetness the charm of his manner. I confess that I think I should have been bored—it is well to be honest with one's self in all things—by the menaces and mystery of Savonarola's prophesying, and that I should have thought his crusade against the pomps and vanities of Florence a vulgar and ridiculous business."—Mr. George W. Cable supplies us with an animated description from personal reminiscence of the rage and alarm which filled the hearts of the townsmen in "New Orleans Before the Capture."

A new serial, "Fortune's Wheel," begins, and begins well, in this month's *Blackwood*. "A Soldier of Fortune" is an excellent historical notice of the career of Francesco of Carmagnola, a Piedmontese, who served under Philip of Milan and the Signoria of Venice. There is also a pleasantly conceived paper on "The Pictures of Richard Doyle." "His agreeable humour was by no means restricted to his pictures: he was quaint in speech as in art, and his way of showing that something uttered had amused him—by retiring into his cravat, in the recesses of which a soft and smothered laugh would be heard, and then emerging to cap the jest—was special to himself."

In the *Gentleman's* there is a good travel paper, "Down the Red Sea," by Miss C. F. Gordon Cumming, and John G. Dow's "Our Last Meeting at Tew," is a fragment worth reading from the history of the middle of the seventeenth century. Chillingworth and Falkland and Sir Edmund Waller figure in it.

*Belgravia* is, as usual, almost entirely devoted to light fiction. The short stories "Sylvester's Wife" and "Professor Milliter's Dilemma," are both good; the latter exceptionally so.

In *La Libre M.* Jules Clarétie tells us all about his manner and method of work in his "Confidences à propos de ma Bibliothèque." He says that he has never refused to write a preface for a literary beginner or a friend. This is amusing, "Que de gens m'ont écrit, Mon cher maître, pour me la demander, cette préface, et Mon cher confrère pour me remercier de la leur avoir envoyée. Et vous verrez qui je retomberai dans mon péché mignon—quoique je promette formellement ici de ne plus écrire de préfaces, même pour mes livres." M. Clarétie is throughout bright, entertaining, and instructive.



ON TUESDAY NEXT the various divisions of the High Court of Justice will resume their sittings after the Easter Vacation.

MR. STEPHEN MEANY, described as a "prominent Fenian lawyer," has left New York for this country, where he is as counsel to aid in the defence of Cunningham and Burton at their approaching trial.

MRS. WELDON HAS BEEN TRANSFERRED from Millbank to Holloway Prison, on the internal arrangements of which she will have doubtless a good deal to say when her time of incarceration is completed. Some ladies have signed a memorial to the Home Secretary, urging a modification of her sentence as one much too severe.

A RECENT DECISION of Mr. Justice Field on the public right to a road in Surrey, the use of which had been interrupted by one of the parties to the suit for more than twenty years, is of general as well as of local interest. It has now been emphatically enunciated that "once a highway always a highway," and the maxim, *Nullo tempore occurrit regi* is applicable to the subjects of the British Sovereign, however long they may have been deprived of the use of a road which has once been public.

THE DOUBTS attending the validity in France of marriages contracted in this country between Englishwomen and Frenchmen long constituted a grievance which, after protracted negotiations, an attempt was made to mitigate, as previously intimated in this column, by the offer of the French Government to issue, on application, consular certificates attesting their legality. However, Miss Ada Leigh, the well-known and beneficent Lady President of the Association of the Mission Homes for English Women in Paris, points out that something must be done by the Legislature if the offer of the French Government is to have practical effect. Miss Leigh is of opinion that numbers of Englishwomen in humbler life who marry Frenchmen are cognisant of English law alone, and that to them the name of a consular certificate will be a myth. How, she asks, is the officiating clergyman who on Whit Sunday will marry thirty or more couples in a large city church to discover which of the contracting parties are French subjects?

A NOVEL MODE of procuring money under false pretences in public places has been disclosed at the Hampstead Police Court. On Easter Monday a denizen of Whitechapel stationed himself with a cart on Hampstead Heath, and succeeded in procuring from a crowd, largely composed of boys, 1s., 9d., 6d., and 3d. for a single match, under the pretext that he was doing it for a wager, and that he would return each purchaser his money with a present. He varied this statement, it seems, with another to the effect that he was collecting the money for the poor of Whitechapel. Of course, except in the case of one or two very unfortunate juveniles, "no money was returned," and he was arrested when attempting to decamp. In defence, the prisoner had the effrontery to say that his promise to the purchasers was to give them, in addition to the matches, "something beyond their expectations," and that in giving them nothing he had kept his promise. The Bench remanded him that inquiries should be made respecting him.

"VACCINATION."—In our issue of last week we mentioned that Dr. Whitefoord, of 117, Albany Road, N.W., having certified that the death of a child was occasioned by "blood-poisoning, convulsions, and vaccination," the coroner's jury stigmatised the wording of the certificate as being "misleading and incorrect." Concerning this matter, Dr. Whitefoord writes thus to us:—"A certificate of death written by any registered medical practitioner is, as stated on the face of it, 'to the best of his knowledge and belief,' and is really no more than an expression of opinion on the medical facts or appearances preceding death. *Post mortem* examinations, the *ne plus ultra* of medical research, only serve to disclose pathological facts, from the contemplation of which pathologists, educated in different schools, deduce different inferences, and arrive at different conclusions. With a full knowledge of the medical facts preceding death, and after carefully considering the *post mortem* appearances, I have yet to learn that my certificate was 'incorrect.'"



AFTER Easter the farmer who has already been busy with his sowings of barley and oats will hasten to complete these sowings, and to get the last of his spring—no longer Lent—corn into the ground. Among the wheat the *tipula* grub is to be found all too plentifully, and this pest must be fought by means of thorough harrowing, which throws the devastator on to the surface, and worth the attention of the birds, whose esteem for the *tipula* as a delicacy of the season is matter for much gratulation on the part of the farmer. The common slug has doubtless been "diminished" by the recent drought and easterly weather, but should he reappear with a humid air and April traditional showers, a little quicklime will convert him into manure for the plant he had intended devouring. Winter beans, which are looking exceedingly well almost everywhere, will now in the Southern and Home counties be all the better for a little hoeing. The young clovers have filled up very much, but patchy fields are not difficult to find, and where they are met with there should be a little renewing seed sown on at once. Swede fallows now demand attention, and mangels can be got in at once. Grass is decidedly backward, some fields having a grey and others a distinctly purplish tint, due to the action of the East wind on the blades. Rain is so much needed for the pastures that so far as the West country farmer is concerned three weeks of good soaking showers will scarcely be too much to satisfy him.

YOUNG LAMBS TO SELL are now realising one shilling per pound to the farmer, and it will be another month before the ordinary consumer will be able to get lamb at a price which the prudent housewife would not consider luxurious. The recent bleak cold East winds have proved very trying to the lambs, especially in the Romney Marsh and on the downs of the Southern counties. The

mortality however has been less than might have been feared. Among the new-born lambs a good deal of shaking or shivering is ordinarily noticed, but this is not a bad sign, in fact healthy lambs, especially of the long-wooled kind, are slow in getting on their legs, and a bit "shaky" for some little time afterwards.

LORD WALSHINGHAM, in a circular to his smaller agricultural tenants, observes that the employment of agricultural labourers having become somewhat uncertain of late years, and in view of the possibility that for various reasons it may become more so, he is anxious to give his cottage tenants some help towards the payment of their rents. He will therefore allow one shilling for every partridge shot on his estate, to be deducted from the cottage rent account, the whole sum thus produced to be equally divided among all the cottage tenants. The average number of birds killed each year for nine years on his Lordship's estate was 1,900, equal to 95d. in reduction of cottage rent. Whenever the number reached 3,000, a cottager now paying 75s. for his cottage would pay 46s. Lord Walsingham trusts to cottagers helping to protect the nests during the breeding season.

GRANARY STOCKS in Great Britain are found to be rather larger than usual at Easter, when the winter drain on resources is apt to be most apparent. Of wheat, 275,000 qrs. are held in London, 307,000 qrs. in Liverpool, 94,000 from Glasgow, 24,000 from Fleetwood, and 5,000 qrs. at Hartlepool. At Bristol, 75,000 qrs. are held. Of flour, London holds 275,000 sacks; Liverpool, 151,000 sacks; and Glasgow, 186,000 sacks. Of maize, Liverpool, London, and Glasgow hold moderate quantities. Owing to the low price accepted for American arrivals, a considerable retail demand has sprung up. Maize at anything under four-and-twenty shillings may be deemed a good bargain; and at 22s. 6d. to 23s. per 480lb. is extraordinarily cheap.

THE COW, according to an excellent lecture recently delivered by Mr. Gilbert Murray, consumes daily three per cent. of her live weight. At this time of the year, a cow in full milk should receive, in addition to boiled or steamed roots and hay, straw, or chaff, 2lb. of bean or pea meal, 2lb. of wheat meal, 2lb. of ground oats, and 2lb. of bran. If these could not be grown on the farm or purchased at a moderate cost, linseed, barley, and Indian corn were, and are, all very fair substitutes. As soon as the cows are put to pasture, the cooked food should be given in a less sloppy state, and by degrees reduced in quantity as the feed of grass increases. The cost of keeping a dairy cow in full profit during the winter months is about one shilling per day. The present cheapness of cereals is much in dairy farmers' favour, as wheat, barley, and oats are, when softened, most valuable and nourishing forms of food.

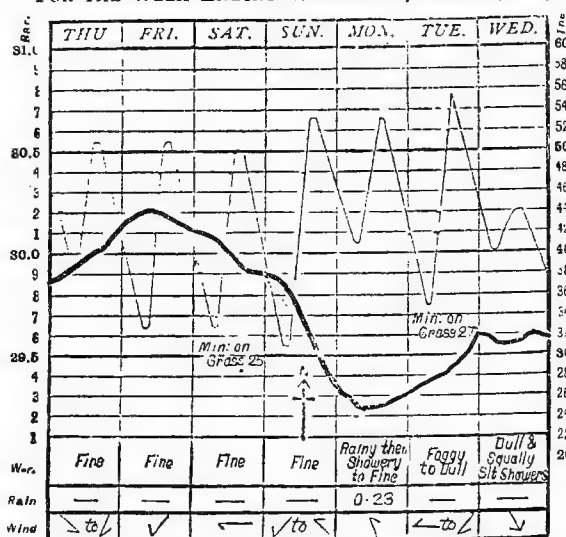
FIELD EXPERIMENTS are now attracting considerable attention, and Mr. Lloyd, the well-known analyst, suggests two means whereby without new machinery the Government might help investigation. In the first place they might undertake the publication of the yearly results at the experimental centres in the form of a Blue Book; and in the second place they might, through the Agricultural Department of the Privy Council, aid the experiments by a yearly grant, to be distributed among the experimental centres, and to be so divided as to assist those who, by their smaller numbers, most needed assistance, and those who, by their exceptional endeavours, had most deserved additional support. What has the Privy Council to say to this proposed endowment of agricultural research?

NATURAL HISTORY NOTES.—Will men of science explain the following, which comes from Worcester? "There is now alive and in the possession of Mr. J. Williams, bailiff to the Ludlow County Court, a most extraordinary bird, being half a fowl and half a duck. The head and neck are those of a cock fowl, and the body and legs those of a duck. It never goes to roost, but squats on the ground. It was hatched in May, 1884, and has been healthy and well since that date."

MISCELLANEOUS.—President Cleveland is stated to be a good judge of shortorns, and to take a practical interest in cattle farming.—Three cats on Monday last were found by a Mr. Ashton, a law writer in Holborn, in the passage of his house. On attempting to eject them they attacked him with such fury that he was very seriously hurt, and had to be removed to the hospital.—Among approaching Shows may be named that of Kilmarnock on April 17th, a general agricultural show; of Lincoln on the 25th, of poultry; and of Ayr on the 28th and 29th, a general agricultural show.

## WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1885



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—During the early part of this period an anti-cyclone lay over our western districts, and fine dry weather prevailed over nearly the whole kingdom. In London the wind was at first northerly, then north-easterly, and finally easterly, and although usually moderate during the night hours, it frequently increased to a fresh breeze in the daytime. Temperature was low for the time of year, and on the early morning of Saturday (4th inst.) a sharp frost occurred on the surface of the ground. On Sunday (5th inst.), however, a change began to set in, the anti-cyclone having by that time traversed our islands in an easterly direction, while a deep depression had appeared off the Irish coast. The wind in London now shifted to the south-east, and the air became rather less searching, while early on Monday morning (6th inst.) a fall of steady rain was experienced. The change did not, however, last long. The depression in the west broke up on Monday (6th inst.), while a new disturbance appeared over the Bay of Biscay, so that easterly winds and fair cold weather were again established over the greater part of the country. On Wednesday (8th inst.) this disturbance had also dispersed, but a new one was formed over the Netherlands and the North Sea, the effect of the change being that the wind backed to the northward, and freshened, while the weather became dull, with a few drops of rain at times. At the close of the period there were no signs of a return to mild weather. The barometer was highest (30.22 inches) on Friday (3rd inst.); lowest (29.22 inches) on Monday (6th inst.); range, 1.0 inch. Temperature was highest (55°) on Tuesday (7th inst.); lowest (37°) on Sunday (5th inst.); range, 24°. Rain fell on one day only, to the amount of 0.23 inches.



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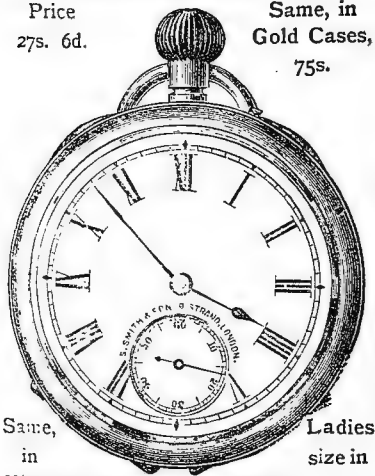
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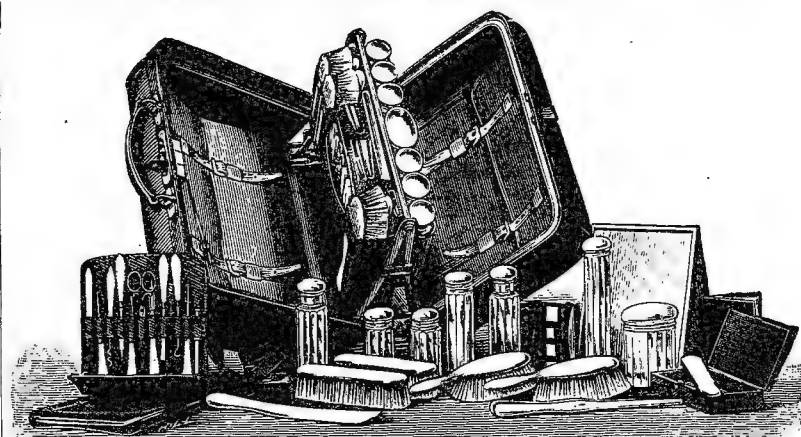
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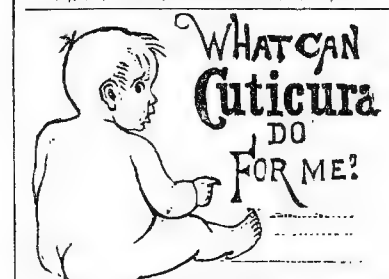
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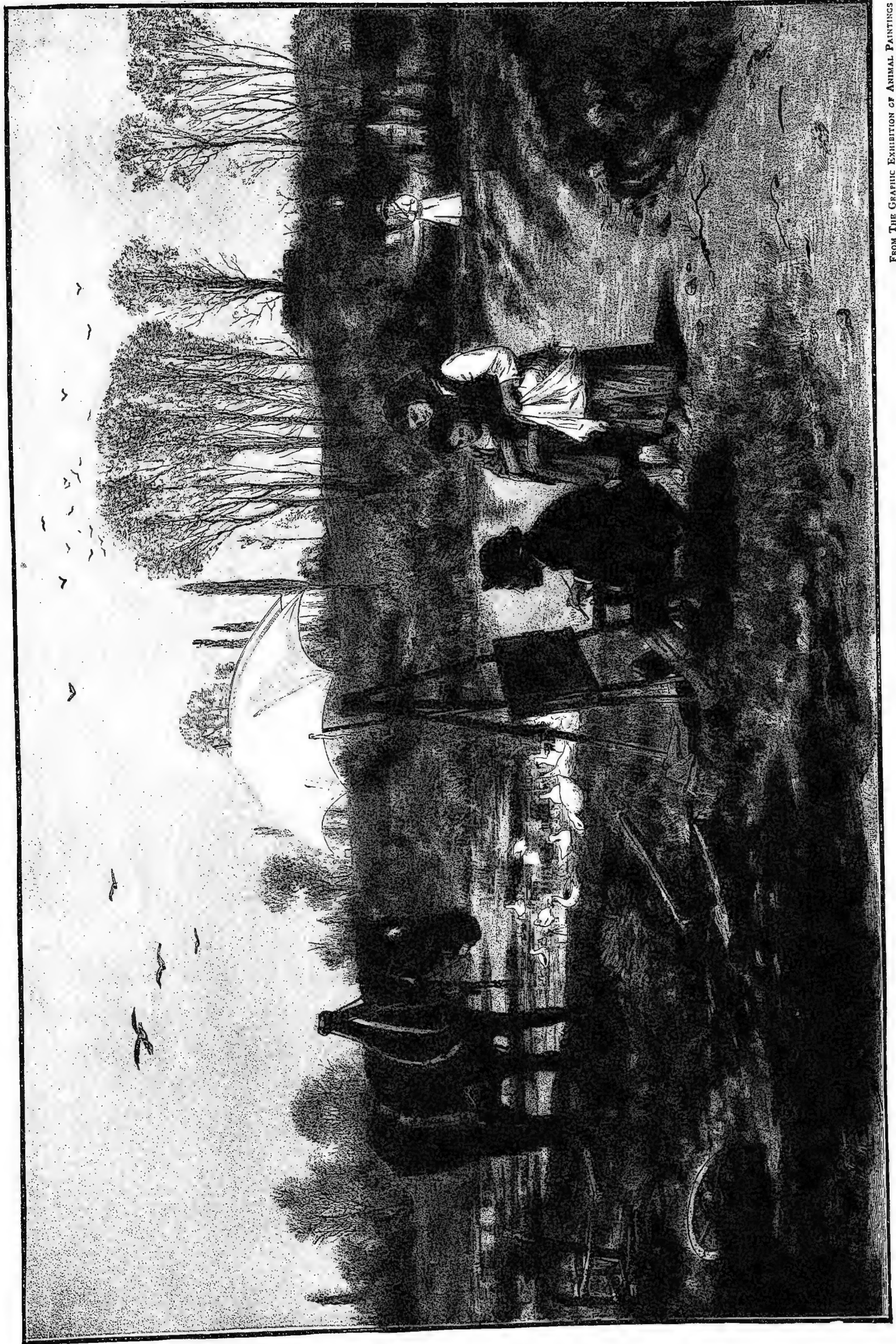
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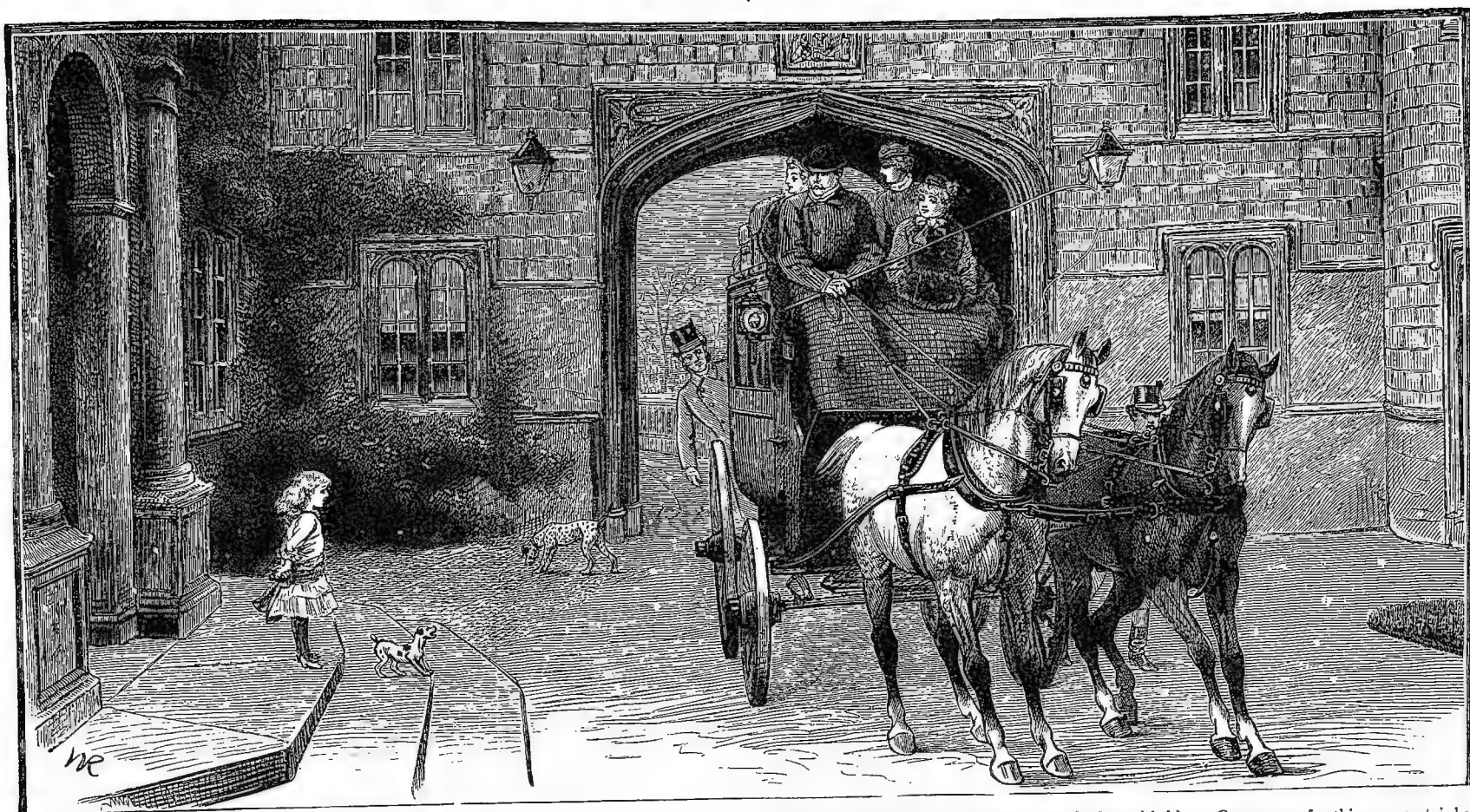


# BOOTLES' BABY: A NOVELETTE

By J. S. WINTER,

AUTHOR OF "CAVALRY LIFE" AND "REGIMENTAL LEGENDS"

ILLUSTRATED BY W. RALSTON



## Chap. V

THERE was only one blot in the sweetness and light of Miss Mignon's baby character, so far as the officers of the Scarlet Lancers were concerned. Among them all there was only one whom she did not like. She had degrees of love—Bootles ranked first, then Lucy, then two or three groups of friends whom she liked best, better, and well; but she had no degrees of dislike where she did not love. She hated, hated fiercely and furiously, hated with all her baby heart and soul. There were several persons in her small world whom she detested thus, absolutely declining to hold communication with or to accept overtures from them, however sweetly made, but there was only one of the officers who came under this head, and he was Gilchrist, the man who had dubbed her at first *workhouse brat*. Miss Mignon could not endure him. When old enough to understand that a certain box of sweets had come from Mr. Gilchrist, she would drop it as if it burnt her fingers, draw down the corners of her mouth, and remark, "Miss Mignon is very much obliged," an observation which invariably sent Bootles and Lucy off into fits of laughter, at which the little maid would fly open-armed to him, and cry, "But Mignon loves Bootles." But the fact remained the same, that Miss Mignon detested Gilchrist, who, indeed, was not a favourite in the regiment. Nor, indeed, did Gilchrist seem to like Miss Mignon any better, though he now and then brought his offerings of toys and bon-bons like the rest. In the face of Bootles' severe snub about the two odious words he had applied to her, he was hardly such a simpleton as to further rouse or annoy the most popular man in the regiment; yet if he could possibly cast a slur on Bootles or on the child he did it. Never from his lips came the pet name, "Miss Mignon," never did his black eyes rest on her without a sneer or a jibe; if he could by any chance twist Bootles' words into an admission that the child was really his, he took care never to lose the opportunity.

"Oh, come now," Preston cried one day, when Gilchrist had been sneering at Bootles and Lucy, "you had just driven away with the child between them. 'Bootles is a right good sort—no mistake on that point. No sneaking hypocrisy about him. It would be well for you and me if we were half as fine chaps, but we are not, Gilchrist, and, what is more, we never shall be.'"

"Oh no; but where is the mother of that brat?"

"How should I know? Or Bootles? I shouldn't mind laying my life that Bootles never did and never will cause her or any other woman to write such a letter as came with the child that night. Jolly good thing for this one if she was Bootles' wife, instead of being tied up to the hound who bound her to secrecy, and deserted her. Perhaps she's dead, poor soul! Who knows?"

"Perhaps she isn't," Gilchrist sneered. "Some people never die."

Good-natured and not very wise Preston stared at him, and Hartog looked from behind his newspaper, aghast at the bitterness of his tone.

"Good Heavens, Gilchrist!" Preston cried. "Are you *wanting* somebody to die?"

Gilchrist tried to laugh, and succeeded very badly. He rose from his chair, knocking a few scattered cigar ashes carefully off his braided cuff.

"Well, I confess I should not be sorry to see that chattering brat of Bootles' out of the road. We should perhaps get at the truth then." And having delivered himself of this feeling speech he went out, banging the door after him.

"Well, upon my soul!" exclaimed Preston.

"Oh! the man's got a tile loose in his upper story," said Hartog, decidedly. "No man in his senses would talk such miserable rot as that. I always thought Gilchrist a crazy fool, but I'm sure of it now."

"And how he sticks to it that Miss Mignon is Bootles' own child—as if it could be any good for him to say she isn't, if she is."

"No. I shall tell Bootles to keep an eye on Gilchrist. I say, what a comfort it would be if he would only exchange. I suppose we can't manage to dazzle him with the delights of India, eh?"

"Not very well. Besides, he lost ever so much seniority by coming to us."

"No such luck. It's queer, though, he should be so persistent about Bootles and Miss Mignon. I suppose he wants to daub Bootles with some of his own mud. Thinks if he only throws enough some of it's sure to stick, and so it would with most men. Happily, however, it doesn't in the least matter what a little cad like Gilchrist chooses to say about a man like Bootles—a jealous little beast."

Neither of them said any more about the matter, but Hartog took the earliest opportunity of repeating to Bootles what "that ass Gilchrist" had said about seeing that chattering brat of Bootles' out of the road, and in consequence a kind of watch was set upon the child. Not that Bootles, though he had a very poor opinion of Gilchrist and Gilchrist's brains, was afraid for a moment that he would give Miss Mignon poisoned *bon-bons*, or run off with her and drop her in the river; yet he did think it not improbable that he might encourage an already dangerous spirit of adventure, and of course be absolutely blameless if she could get trampled by a horse's cruel hoofs, or crushed by one of the many traps going in and out of barracks.

When Bootles had taken his first long leave after Miss Mignon's coming, he had left her at Mileminster in charge of her nurse, but when long leave came round again, and she must have been

about two and a-half, he decided to take her with him. One reason for this was certainly a fear of any pranks Gilchrist might choose to play, another that Lucy was taking his leave at the same time, and Bootles was afraid, in the absence of both, Miss Mignon might fret herself into a fever. And, besides, during a fortnight's deer-stalking in Scotland that autumn he had missed the child more than he would have liked to own.

From Blankhampton, therefore, they went to his place, Ferrers Court, where he was to entertain a rather large party for Christmas, with a sister of his mother's, and his only near relative, to do the honours for him, and among his guests a Mrs. Smith, a widow, and sister to that dead girl to whom he fancied a resemblance in Miss Mignon. However, at the last moment Mrs. Smith wrote to excuse herself.

"I am very, very sorry," she said, "but a very dear friend of mine, with whom I spent two winters in Italy, has suddenly appeared, with a travelling companion and two maids, to pay me a long-promised visit of at least two months. She is a Russian countess—a widow, like myself, and wishes, I fancy, to improve her English, which she already speaks very well. Of course, I am dreadfully disappointed, but cannot help it."

Now it happened that Bootles had a very deep and great respect and liking for Mrs. Smith, and, not for all the widowed countesses in Russia did he mean to see his plans upset, therefore he wrote off at once to Mrs. Smith, after a five minutes' consultation with Lady Marion, to beg her to carry out her original intentions, and bring Madame and her retinue "along." Would she telegraph her reply?

Mrs. Smith did so—the reply being, Yes. Moreover, she supplemented the telegram by a letter, in which she mentioned, among other things, that Madame Gourbolski's travelling companion must be treated in all ways as an ordinary guest.

So, at the time originally appointed for Mrs. Smith's coming, the party of six—three ladies and three maids—arrived. Bootles himself went to the station to meet them. He found that Madame Gourbolski was young, not more than thirty, of the plump and fair Russian type, quite fair enough to hold her own beside Mrs. Smith, whom he regarded as the most beautiful woman of his acquaintance. The third lady, Miss Grace, was fair also, perhaps not so positively beautiful as either the English or the Russian lady, but fair-haired, fair-skinned, with soft blue-grey eyes, which were intensely blue in some lights, as Bootles at once noticed. Graceful she was to a degree, and as he watched her move across the little station he thought how wonderfully her name suited her.

Mrs. Smith smiled at him as he helped her to mount to the top of the omnibus. "Is not the likeness wonderful?" she said, with one of those quick sighs with which we speak of our dead; and then she said, "Poor Rosey."

Bootles turned and looked at Miss Grace again, his mind going back to those dark days, past and gone now, when he and his best friend had been estranged for honour's sake—when he and this imperially beautiful woman had stood side by side watching a young life die out, had together seen the sacrifice of a heart, the martyr of love to man.

"Yes; it is very striking," he said, briefly.





That dead sister of Mrs. Smith's had always been and would always be a not-to-be-broken bond of union between them, for the widow knew how gladly "that grand Bootles," as she always called him, would have tried to make up for the love she had lost, while to Bootles Mrs. Smith stood out from the rest of womankind as the sister of the only woman he had ever wished or asked to marry him.

He helped Miss Grace up to the seat beside Mrs. Smith, and took his own place beside the Russian lady, who entertained him very well during the three miles' drive between Eagles Station and Ferrers Court.

"Oh! but what a paradise!" she cried, as the carriage turned into the courtyard.

"I am delighted that it pleases you," he answered, glancing round to see what effect his ancestral home had upon Miss Grace.

"Lovely!" she murmured to Mrs. Smith.

In another moment they had drawn up at the great Gothic doorway, and immediately the figure of a little child, dressed in white, appeared on the top of the broad steps, kissing her small hands in token of welcome.

"Go in directly—you'll get cold. Go in, I say," Bootles called out. It was, indeed, bitterly cold, and a few flakes of snow were falling. But Miss Mignon had a budget of news for her Bootles, and was not to be done out of telling it.

"Lal has had a letter from home," she piped out in her shrill voice. Lal was her name for Lucy, and home meant Blankhampton Barracks. "And the St. Bernard has got two puppies—beauties—and I'm to have one. Lal says so. And Terry has broked his leg." Terry was one of Bootles' grooms. "And Major Ally's going to be married."

Bootles was so surprised that he forgot the cold, and his orders that Miss Mignon should go in.

"What?" he exclaimed, incredulously.

Just then Lucy herself came to the top of the steps with open arms, so to speak, and carried off Mrs. Smith into the house. Miss Mignon took advantage of the opportunity to run down the steps just as Bootles helped Madame Gourbolski to the ground.

"I welcome you with much pleasure," he said, cordially. "Miss Grace also," as he gave her his hand to jump the last step. "I am afraid you are tired. You are very white."

"I am tired," she said, in a low voice, not looking at him but at the child.

"It is so bitterly cold. Don't stand a moment. Mignon, will you go in?"

Miss Mignon skipped up the steps, and the Russian lady caught her in her arms.

"Oh! you little angel—and what is your name?"

"I'm Miss Mignon—you're a very pretty lady," returned Mignon critically. "I wanted to go to the station, but Bootles said it was too cold, and Lal—"

"Madame does not know what Bootles and Lal mean," interrupted Bootles.

"This is Bootles and that's Lal," Miss Mignon informed her. "I'm Miss Mignon, and I belong to Bootles."

"Oh, you belong to Bootles. I am sure he must be very proud of you," Madame answered.

"I believe I'm a great bother to him," Miss Mignon announced, in a matter-of-fact tone.

Bootles laughed. "Come to the fire, Madame," he said. Then turning to Miss Grace, "I'm afraid you are very cold—you are as white as a ghost. I'm sure," addressing Lady Marion, "Aunt Marion, wine would be much better than this tea."

"No, no, tea," they cried, at least the two elder ladies, for Miss Grace seemed to have no ears for any one but the child.

"Won't you speak to me?" she asked presently, as Miss Mignon gravely regarded her with her big blue eyes.

Miss Mignon went close to her immediately.

"Did Bootles let you drive?" she asked, with interest.

Miss Grace shook her head, and lifted Miss Mignon on her knee. "I did not ask him," she said.

"Oh!" then after a pause, "I al—ways do."

"But not a pair!"—in surprise.

Miss Mignon nodded. "When they're not too fresh. Bootles would have letted you, if you'd asked him."

"I will another time."

"Lucy," said Bootles, suddenly, "is it true about Allardyce?"

"Hartog says so. They say she—er—dwrinks like a duck."

"Pooh!" But Bootles laughed as if it was a great joke, and Mrs. Smith begged to be enlightened.

"Oh! don't you remember Allardyce? He's the great military teetotal light."

"And—er—he wreally is an AWFUL duf-fah," remarked Miss Mignon, in so exact and so unconscious an imitation of Lucy's drawl that her hearers went off into fits of laughter, and Miss Grace clasping her close to her breast, bent, and kissed the luxuriant golden curls.

"You're crying," said Miss Mignon, promptly, scanning Miss Grace's face with her big eyes.

"No, but you made me laugh," she said, hastily.

"Some people do cry when they laugh," Miss Mignon informed her. "Our Colonel does. Now Major Garnet always chokes, and then Bootles thumps him. I don't know what he'll do," she added, in a tone of deep concern, "if he chokes while we are away."

"I never saw such an original little piece of mischief in my life," cried Mrs. Smith. "And how charmingly dressed, is she not, Madame? So sensible of you to cover her up with that warm serge up to her throat and down to her wrists. Who put you up to it?"

"I fancy we evolved the idea amongst us. You see she runs in and out of my rooms, her own and Mrs. Gray's, the Adjutant's wife, that is," Bootles answered. "And barrack corridors are not exactly hot-houses. Besides, our doctor keeps his eye on her, and he blames the wrapping-up for her never having had a day's illness."

"I believe in it," asserted Mrs. Smith.

"And I—oh! our married ladies tell me I am quite an authority on the subject. I can tell you we get fearfully chaffed about her, Lucy and I."

"Why?" Miss Grace, asked.

"Well, because she goes about with us a good deal, and people seem to find the situation difficult to understand." He took it for granted that she knew all about Miss Mignon, and she did not press the question further. But half an hour later, when Mrs. Smith was thinking of dressing, Miss Grace tapped at her door and entered.

"Could you lend me a few black pins?" she asked. "Madame and I have both forgotten them."

"Certainly, my dear—take the box."

But Miss Grace only took a few in the pink palm of her hand.

"What a pretty child that is," she said carelessly. "Did the mother die when it was born?"

"Oh, my dear," cried Mrs. Smith. "She is not Captain Ferrers' child. No relation whatever."

"No? Whose then?"

"Ah! That is a question." Then she briefly told Miss Mignon's history, ending: "But he will never part with her now. He is so fond of her, and she adores him."

"He is a fine fellow," said Miss Grace, toying with the pins in her hand.

"A fine fellow! He is a splendid character," Mrs. Smith cried warmly. "I assure you I have studied that man—and I have

known him for years—and I cannot find fault in him. Years ago, when we were in great trouble, my mother and I, at the time my sister died, oh he was so good, so—well," with a quick sigh, "I cannot explain it all, but he was such a comfort to us, and she died, poor darling, under very painful circumstances, especially for me. Oh, there are very few in the world like him—not one in ten thousand. Take his action as regarded that dear little child, for instance. His brother officers wanted him to send her to the workhouse, but as he wrote to me, 'Some day I may meet the mother, and how should I face her?'"

"Ah!" murmured Miss Grace, and Mrs. Smith went on:—

"It was no small undertaking for a man in his position, for he has not left her to the entire care of servants—she is continually with him and Mr. Lucy, who is also very fond of her. Do you know he pays her nurse fifty pounds a year? In fact she is exactly as if she were really his own child. But it is just like him."

"And they would have sent her to the workhouse?"

"One or two of them—not Mr. Lucy, of course."

Miss Grace was silent for a few moments. Then she roused herself as from a brown study.

"Well, I am detaining you, Mrs. Smith, and shall be late myself. Thank you very much." Then she went away, passing softly down the corridor, and entered her room, locking the door behind her. But once within that safe shelter she flung the pins on the table and dropped upon her knees, burying her face in her hands, while the scalding tears forced their way between her fingers, and the great sobs shook her frame. "Some day he might meet the mother," she sobbed, "and how should he face her?" Oh, my child, my little child, how shall I face him? How shall I bear it? How shall I live in the same house with him without falling on my knees and blessing him for saving my little child from—God knows what?"



A MONTH had passed, and the three ladies still remained at Ferrers Court, though other visitors had come and gone, lots of them. Lucy was still there, also, and occupied in making desperate love to the Russian lady, utterly ignoring two important facts—one that she only laughed at him, the other that she was three years his senior.

But while all this was going on Bootles had fallen in love at last, as men and women only fall once in their lives, and of course the lady was Madame Gourbolski's friend, Miss Grace—had he but known it, the mother of Mignon.

But Bootles never suspected that for a moment. True, there was a likeness so strong as to proclaim the truth, and many a time Miss Grace wondered, when she caught sight of the child's face and her own in a glass, that all these people did not see it. Yet neither Bootles nor any one else did see it, and the game of love was played on with desperate earnestness on his side, and with equally desperate desire to prevent it on her's.

But Bootles admired shy game, and Miss Grace's evident shyness made him only the more earnest, and not being troubled with that faint heart which never won fair lady, he had no intention of allowing Madame Gourbolski to depart from beneath his roof without asking Miss Grace to return to it as its mistress. Therefore one afternoon, when he returned from hunting in much bespattered pink, and went into the firelit library, where he found Miss Grace half dreaming by the fire, he shut the door with the intention of getting it over at once. Miss Grace rose with some signs of confusion.

"Don't go for a minute," said Bootles, "I want to speak to you. It seems to me that you have grown very fond of my little Mignon. Is it not so?"

Miss Grace caught at the carvings of the oaken chimney-shelf to steady herself, and her heart began to beat hard and fast.

"Yes. I am very fond of her," she stammered.

"I wish you would take her for your own," Bootles said, very gently.

"For—my own?" sharply. "What do you mean?"

For a moment she thought he knew all, but his next words undeceived her.

"If she had such a mother as you, poor little motherless waif, and if I had such a wife, and if Ferrers Court had such a mistress! Oh! I don't you understand what I mean?" taking her hand.

Miss Grace snatched the hand away. "Oh don't, don't, don't," she said, turning away.

But Bootles possessed himself of it again. "Must I tell you more? Oh, my darling, how from the very first day I ever saw you I loved you with all my heart and soul? How when I bade you welcome to my house, I could, and would if I had dared, have taken you up to my heart and kissed you before every one? How—"

"Oh, tell me nothing—nothing," she cried with feverish haste. "Don't you understand it cannot be—it is impossible, quite impossible?"

"Impossible," he echoed blankly. "Why is it impossible? Not because you don't care, that I'll swear."

She said nothing.

"Or, if that is so, look at me and say 'I don't love you.'"

But Miss Grace did not speak, nor yet did she look.

"Or will you tell me that there is some one else whom you like better?" he asked, regaining hope.

No. Miss Grace did not seem inclined to vouchsafe that information either.

"Or that the care of the child would be an objection?"

"No!" she burst out in an agonised tone.

"Then what do you mean by impossible?" he asked. "It seems to me it is very possible indeed."

She looked at him—that proud, handsome, erect man, with a smile of expectant happiness on his good face—and tried to take her hands away.

"Oh!" she sobbed out, "don't you think that I would if I could? I have not been so happy that I would throw away such happiness as you could give me. Some day you may know what it costs me to tell you that it is quite impossible."

"You give me no hope?" he asked, in a dull voice, and she saw that he had grown white to his very lips.

"None," she returned; then added, bitterly, "Oh! hope and I have had nothing to say to one another this long, long while."

Bootles dropped her hand listlessly. "Then it is no use my boring you," he said, turning away.

A fierce denial rose to the girl's lips, but she choked it down, and suffered his words in silence. Then meekly, and with one imploring backward look at his tall figure as he stood, his head well up in spite of his defeat, looking into the fire, she went away and left him alone.

(To be continued)



THE late Rector of Lincoln was a born scholar. He was, moreover, a link between Old and New Oxford, a fair sample of the best produce of the former, an energetic helper in making the latter what it is. It was on the lines of his "Academic Organisation," drawn up some twenty years before, that the latest reforms were shaped. His undergraduate experience had taught him, as it must have taught most thinking men except the Dean of Chichester, that the old system was a mistake. Something must have been wrong when one who had come up as determined to work as Pattison was could say: "The College has thus spent a year and two months in preparing me to do what I was ready to do before I entered it." Not, however, till he had been for years a most efficient tutor did Pattison come to see the weakness of the tutorial system, and, as some of us think, to exaggerate both it and the advantage of multiplying professors. But, though the inner life of a prominent Oxford reformer is of deep interest to many besides Oxford men, "Memoirs by Mark Pattison" (Macmillan) has other claims on the reading public. There is a sweet flavour of heresy about one who, having written in "Essays and Reviews," was preached against in St. Mary's pulpit; there is a delicious frankness amounting to Grevillism in such phrases as "Copleston was a veritable dunce, the butt of the College, who could teach you nothing," "Thompson was a mere ruffian and a satyr." But the difference between Pattison and Carlyle is just this: the former gibbets his enemies, men whom half Oxford believed to have cruelly wronged him; the latter left scathing caricatures of those with whom he was living on terms of friendship. Carlyle, again, does not turn himself inside out a tithe so thoroughly as Pattison does; and it says much for the man that after such an almost Rousseau-like thoroughness we find in him so much to admire. For many his "Puseyism" will be the most engrossing episode in the book. It is a phenomenon for one who had been for three years under the spell of J. H. Newman to have come out, not as Mr. J. A. Froude did, but a sincere, sober-minded Broad Churchman. The student of character will fasten on the earlier chapters which tell how the raw boy, "not brutalised" (at the same time not waked up) "by school," morbid, delicate, thoroughly unlike the ideal Yorkshireman save in his love of hunting, was entered at Oriel, and marched up the High Street in his father's old brown great coat, which had been fitted to him by a Richmond slop-tailor. The fly-fisher will certainly score off the book; fishing up from the Swale to Ross-shire and Skye saved Pattison from breaking down under the disappointment of being tricked out of the Rectorship in 1851. Though the little that is said of "Sister Dora" is slightly disparaging, no reader will forget that these are the memoirs of her brother.

Mr. J. Campbell Smith is a typical Scot, fully persuaded that he came into the world on its own invitation, and that his nation is *facile princeps* among the nations of the earth. This feeling makes him at once genially partial and amusingly unfair. It leads him to speak of the Banffshire blot as "scarcely immorality at all, but rather a frail and slightly deficient kind of virtue;" it certainly colours his estimate of Lord Westbury. That "eminent Christian" (as the *Saturday Review* used to call him) might have had any amount of Jewish blood in his veins, he might have been blame-worthy as well as unfortunate in the Edmunds pension case, had he only restrained his impatience of the Court of Session, and not talked of Lord Justice Clerk Hope's opinion as "a melancholy collection of erroneous sentences, of which it is hard to say whether the law or the grammar is the worse." "Writings by the Way" (Blackwood), are mostly reprints from the *Scotsman*, and other North British periodicals, and have now and then that flavour of paradox so dear to the literary journalist. This is specially noticeable in the article on Newton, written with the fervour of an iconoclast bent on breaking "Granta's" idol in pieces. But being a Scot Mr. Smith never lets paradox get the better of his common sense; witness his calculation that turning the deer-forests into sheep walks would give us 24502 more mutton per head per annum; and his picture of Mr. H. George as "a wild Californian rampaging about the world demanding that stolen property be restored." He is not afraid to endorse Bishop Magee's dictum that, though sobriety is good, freedom is better; and to say in the heart of Middlethian: "the class that (next to the criminal, which it closely overlies) most needs reformation, or rather extermination, is not the peers but the noisy hungry democrats, who have no sense of honour or gentlemanly self-control." Capital, too, is his picture of "the Irish patriot and Catholic Christian searching for the millennium through experiments in murder." Mrs. Stirling, *vide* Hunter, among his "Lives," Carlyle and Sir W. Hamilton among his "Essays," are the most interesting to Southrons.

Our Indian Empire was built by men like Lieutenant-Colonel T. H. Lewin, men, not puppets whose movements depend on who pulls the red-tape strings. Such men are still invaluable on the frontier; and our author's frontier work, first in the Chitragong district, afterwards among the Lushais, is told in a simple, hearty way, which makes the book delightful reading. Going out in 1857, he did good work in the Mutiny, and in 1861 exchanged from the monotony of army life, "going to school again with a commanding officer for schoolmaster," into the police. Here he was in his element. It is not everybody who would (or could) make one in the scene sketched in the frontispiece, where the Sahib and the Shendu chiefs swear friendship with ceremonies like those described in the opening of the "Seven Against Thebes;" and fewer still would care to play Houdin's bullet-trick with a Lushai (the name means head-cutter) to fire the gun. No wonder the Government bigwigs thought such behaviour might make things hard for those who came after. Quiet Indian officials may, however, learn much from the book. Even if you don't pretend to be bullet-proof, there can be no reason why you should not keep up your prestige by a judicious use of a



galvanic battery; and, if you trust and treat natives, whether hill-men or not, as Colonel Lewin trusted and treated them, the result cannot fail to be beneficial to both sides. The book proves that the author of "Wild Tribes of the South-Western Frontier" was much more than what he now modestly styles himself, "A Fly on the Wheel" (Allen and Co.).

Mrs. Sartorius was "Three Months in the Soudan" (Kegan Paul), her husband being with General Baker, commanding at Suakim, and covering the retreat after El Teb. Her lively narrative therefore deals with times almost as stirring as those about which "Our Own Correspondent" is now telling us. She helps her readers to form a better notion of the Mahdi, of the Egyptian soldier "who will do everything but fight," of the Bashi-Bazouks who expect to be asked if they'll drill; of Zebehr and his Soudanese; and of Mr. Clifford Lloyd, who changed the gendarmierie into constabulary like those whom he knew so well in Ireland, and whose changes produced general discontent and a large increase of crime. The disaffection in the Soudan, Mrs. Sartorius thinks, began when the Egyptian Government insisted on the taxes (far heavier than of old) being paid in money, and at the same time set its face against the slave trade, which was the only way the people had of raising money. She thinks Gordon made a great mistake in turning out the Bashi-Bazouks, thus breaking the power of Egypt, and enabling the Arab slavers to get the upper hand. It is unhappily no news that the Levantines are at least as great scoundrels as the Arab slavers, and that the gen-lermerie was mainly needed to keep them in check; everybody knows, too, that the woful linguistic ignorance of our employes has been a great evil: "no one is any use who cannot at least speak French fluently."

"Robert Boyle, Inventor and Philanthropist" (Gilbert Wood), is not the nobleman to whom we owe the air-pump, but the son of a Scotch surgeon, who made the lenses for his magic-lantern missionary lectures, organised at Glasgow an industrial museum, invented an explosive shell, approved by the Duke of Cambridge but afterwards set aside, and who was led by his experience of the foul air of the slums to think out the well-known air-pump ventilator. Mr. Saunders' style is accounted for by the memoir having appeared in the *Inventors' Record*—the shell, for instance, is classed among "Philanthropic enterprises!"

Mr. Joseph Cook is so well known in some religious circles that "Occident" (Ward and Lock), under which quaint title he publishes another series of Boston Monday Lectures, is sure to be widely read. They have nothing but the title in common with Ste. Beuve's "Causeries," for Mr. Smith is orthodox of the orthodox. Mr. Spurgin testifies to his skill in hunting down such misbelievers as Theodore Parker ("spiritual wild boar hunting," the exile of Mentone calls it), and he begins this new series with: "Give me no guess for a dying pillow," followed by an attack on Dorner, which in the appendix is extended to Prof. Smyth. Mr. Cook is as hard on Herbert Spencer as he is on Dorner the Universalist. He tells us (on the authority of Lionel Beale) that "Spencer's books contain so much false physiology that they won't be read ten years after his death except as literary curiosities." The most advanced thought in England, he finds, insists on Carlyle's "natural supernaturalism," holding that natural law, without God's will behind it, is no more than a glove without a hand in it. Each lecture has its prelude on current events; thus "Delitzsch on the Old Testament" is preluded by "Civil Service Reform," "Zöllner on Spiritualism" by "American and Foreign Temperance Creeds," the strong point being that English Assurance societies make a difference in favour of total abstinents. Mr. Cook tells us a great deal about himself—how he spent a night on Parnassus and another on the Acropolis, where an old soldier, finding him prepared to sleep in one of the carved marble chairs in the Cella, said "E freddo," brought him a thick blanket, "and went away with payment." If the soldier had behaved like that unlucky policeman who fell foul of Mr. Nicholson, Greece might have had to eat another slice of humble pie, *i.e.*, supposing the American Government to have been as ill-advised as ours was.

Wholly different from Mr. Cook's "Occident" is "The Continuity of Christian Thought" (Ward and Lock), under which title Professor A. V. Allen publishes his Bohn Lectures, originally delivered at Philadelphia. One thinks at once of our own Bampton Lectures; but Mr. Allen's second title, "A Study of Modern Theology in the Light of Its History," shows that there is a difference of plan between him and most of our Oxford lecturers. He is saturated with Neander, Maurice, and Mr. Cook's *bête noir* Dorner; and his fairness and moderation are more than judicial. On saint-worship, for instance, he remarks how it was "a testimony to the belief that humanity had been redeemed, and affiliated with the Divine nature." Followers of Dorner are bound to depreciate St. Augustine; and Professor Allen affirms that "the Augustinian doctrines of sin and grace implied a fundamental departure from what was highest and most real in the earlier theology." The book deserves (and needs) careful reading; and, we venture to think, may be advantageously used by theological students. Nowhere have we seen the contrast between the Greek and the Latin theology so vividly set forth, or the scepticism, and at the same time the Latinism, which underlie Calvin's assumptions so clearly pointed out. Mr. Allen's high estimate of Schleiermacher will astonish many as much as his dictum that the controversy between Dean Mansel and Mr. Maurice is the most "significant one since Athanasius stood up to resist the Arians on a similar, if not an identical, issue." Whether or not he is right in believing that our own age offers a striking resemblance to the early Church, specially in that it has to reconcile the idea of the Divine immanence with that of the Divine transcendence, his book will interest all who care about the state of theological science in the United States.

M. F. Clément, in more than 800 pages, gives us not merely an account of the musical systems of different nations, ancient and modern, with pictures of their instruments, but also samples of their tunes, beginning with Abyssinian and Egyptian melodies, for which Villoteau claims a great antiquity, and going on through Hebrew chants, one of which ("The Plaint of Moses") strikingly recalls the preface to the Mass, through Arab chants and lovesongs, and Hindoo airs, to the "Kyrie of the Three Kings," the "Complainte of Charlemagne," &c., and thence down to Adam de la Halle and Palestrina. Then he traces the growth of the opera in Italy and in France; and after a chapter on the Conservatoire, and another on the Romance and the Chanson, he comes to the symphonists, from Corelli to Wagner. He does not believe in "the music of the Future, which, in comparison with that of the great masters, is like the monstrosities of Elephanta or Cambodia beside the Parthenon." Berlioz, who wanted to blow up the Italian Theatre when it was crowded with Rossini-worshippers, he looks on as Wagner's fore-runner; both deny that universality of diatonic scale which Beethoven said is as certain as the existence of God. His chapter on Liturgical Chants and "Neumes" is such as we might expect from the author of so many valuable works on Church music; he treats learnedly of the Greek and Latin notations; and most of us will agree with him in rejecting the four Greek hymns (to Calliope, &c.) in the Florentine MS., and the "Ode of Pindar" of which Kircher left the score. M. Clément is amusing as well as learned; the continual war which he keeps up with Fétis, the author of the standard French history of music, gives piquancy to this "Histoire de la Musique" (Hachette). The sixty-eight portraits (including Fanny Elssler, Taglioni, and other old favourites) and the three hundred and sixty engravings add much to the value of the book. Sometimes, however, the author's artists play him false; for instance, the *ramsinga* is no doubt the Bengali funeral trumpet,

but the players upon it on page 127 are unmistakably stage-Chinese. We forgive the remark that "l'Anglais saute toujours en dansant;" but we hope some one will tell M. Clément that "la gigue" is not the national English dance.

## INDIAN RIVERS

It is difficult to look at a great Indian river in these days without thinking of *Ill-treated Travellers*, or some such burlesque of serious opera or play. For the unlucky river is all up and down its course grappled by engineers, who twist and distort its channels, turn its waters where they will, and dam it more effectually than any play that was ever put upon the London stage. Under this severe scientific treatment the luckless river pines and dwindles away to a narrow streak of silver in the midst of a waste of yellow sand; but its life-giving waters, which in the olden days emptied themselves unprofitably into the sea, now carry prosperity and even wealth to thousands by that great system of canals and irrigation that is at once a credit to the engineers and the Government. It is true that the Indian ryot, like farmers all the world over, is a grumbler, and must complain even of the water, as his British prototype of the rain, but whatever the river may think of the irrigation projects to which it is subjected, there can be no question that to the people of India they are a vast boon. Possibly the river is sullen or indifferent, at all events, an Indian river invariably looks sulky. It has none of the sparkling, animated appearance of a beautiful English stream, but is sluggish and dull ordinarily, and terrible and devastating when in flood. Growsome weeds grow wherever the torpid waters permit them to gain a footing, and muddy sandbanks, uglier than anything an English tidal river can show, are made still uglier by hideous crocodiles slumbering on their margin. Great bleached ribs of defunct beasts, long since picked clean by vulture and jackal, stand up on the sandbanks as ghastly mementoes of the last flood, and in place of the verdant meadows, the lowing kine, and the solitary angler that make an English river so picturesque, we have brown or black mud banks, ugly water buffaloes, half in and half out of the water, and, for an angler, one of that species of alligator that is called, to distinguish him from the homicidal kind, a "fish-eater." The scenery of the Styx could not be less attractive, or the temperature of Pluto's dominions much higher, in May; but this, it must be confessed, is an Indian river at its worst, and in the hot weather, when the stream has run down, and the water is, as an Irishman might say, all sand.

There are other seasons when our river wears a very different appearance, and becomes a great sea of muddy, surging waves, a mile, or more, wide. Then it calls to mind George Eliot's inimitable picture of the Floss in flood, and if we cannot see the wrecks of mills floating down it, we may very possibly see drowning tigers and buffaloes, or, at all events, their carcasses.

There are beautiful gorges in most Indian rivers, where the scenery wants nothing but that sensation of rest and peace that we always associate with some beautiful English stream, like the Wye or the Severn. The Godavery river has such a gorge in the jungly, hilly country above Rajahmundry, and for some miles above and below this gorge the scenery resembles that of the Rhine, *minus* the old castles of the classic German river. The gorge itself is a wonderful sight, especially when the river is in flood. Two mountains of considerable height—one called Bison Hill, from the number of bison found upon it—confine a river more than half-a-mile broad within a channel that a stone might be slung across; and terrible, indeed, is the turmoil of the waters, awful the whirlpools when the monsoon rains have swollen the great river up some thirty or forty feet, and it dashes through these "Iron Gates" with a force that no Danube could equal.

Further up this same river there is a tolerable representation of those rapids we so much admire in a Scotch salmon river. The Godavery is here impeded in its course by reefs of rocks that block navigation, and there is all the noise, and white water, foam, and shallowness that make up so much of the enjoyment of a flyfisher at home. Another great Indian river, the Nerbudda, can show a lovely, indeed an unparalleled, bit of scenery at the Marble Rocks, near Jubbulpore. This, too, is a gorge, only the sides are white marble. This gorge, like Melrose, should be visited by moonlight to see it to the best advantage, and it is well to appreciate it silently, for the rocks are the homes of innumerable swarms of dangerous bees, who have more than once attacked, and even drowned, sightseers so imprudent as to disturb them. But an Indian river, as the rule, has no such thing as beauty or charm all through its course. It may have a choice bit of scenery, like the Marble Rocks, or tremendous falls, like those of the Couvery, in Mysore, but generally it is as flat, dull, and uninteresting as a canal in Holland, and not nearly so neat or so odorous. This is only said of the great rivers that pierce the Peninsula, and are the water-shed of large, flat tracks of country. But there is another class of river, such as the Bowani, at the foot of the Nilgiri Mountains, in Southern India, which is a very different river indeed. This is of bright, clear water, flowing over a rocky bed, and would be English or Welsh in every detail were it not for the tropical jungle that lines its banks, and the feathery bamboos reflected in its clear water. The Bowani is a really beautiful river, but with a beauty of its own—a *beauté de diable*. Jungle fever haunts its pools and cascades, and though full of fish, its waters need no gamekeeper. Neither is preserving needed in its forests. The tigers, bison, and wild elephants that slake their thirst in the Bowani's pellucid stream are pretty well able to take care of themselves, and even sometimes find leisure to interfere very unpleasantly with the affairs of others. But the effect produced by a mixture of English river reaches with fringes of dense Indian jungle is very striking, and, in its way, grand. To look at the water and listen to its babbling murmur, one might fancy oneself by Dee or Derwent; but look up at the palms and bamboos, the teak and the toddy trees, or down at the footmarks of some big wild beast in the clay, and there is no mistake about it being India one is in—no mistake at all.

There is another class of Indian river that is different from all these, and neither resembles an Oriental river, nor an English river, or is like anything but itself. This is the snow-fed river of the Himalayas and Cashmere, such as the Jhelum, or the great mother Ganges herself in her infancy. These rivers are huge exaggerations of the Findhorn when it is full of ice blocks and snow-wreaths; and some of them are so unruly that, even when mastered by the engineers and bridled and saddled with annicuts, channels, and what not, the telegraph has to be brought into requisition to warn distant peoples that they are coming—coming a good deal quicker than the traditional Campbells. There is something weird and uncanny about rivers of this kind that suddenly rush into the world from the cavernous depths of immense blue and green glaciers; so it is no wonder if the superstitious Hindus erect temples on their banks, and worship the river as a watery divinity. Lastly, there is the brimming river of rainy countries, such as Burma, Assam, and the Malay Peninsula—rivers that are full, and rather too full, all the year round. Some of these have a charm all their own. The primeval forest clothes their banks; and islands bearing trees so lofty that a shot-gun cannot reach the birds on their topmost branches make one think of the old, old days, when the world was young. In Malaya, indeed, it is easy to realise ancient days, for the saurians are seen swimming the rivers, the elephants come down at night to bathe in them, the rhinoceros goes crashing through the jungle, and the tapir slips noiselessly into the stream. But of the babbling brooks and the dancing rivulets of English scenery there are none in India, unless

on the mountains; the fierce heat of the Indian plains would dry such up before they had travelled many miles.

Nowadays the engineers and their science are making what might be called artificial rivers all over India. These are the canals which resemble English canals about as much as English canals resemble Indian rivers. To be sure the familiar locks, and the long straight stretches of water dwindling into a point in front of one, are all there; but how different the surroundings! The bargee is nowhere, and bad language consequently unknown. Instead of him we have the patient Hindu smoking his hubble-bubble on the deck of his quaintly constructed trunk of a tree craft, and careless whether he reaches his destination this week or next year. His flapping sail has more holes in it than a pepper-caster; but what matter? The canal route is easy travelling, and suits him all down to the ground, or rather the bottom. The locks have pretty gardens round them in the same way as Indian railway stations, and it is likely enough that a troop of long-tailed monkeys will be seen jumping about the trees that are planted along the canal banks sometimes for purposes of shade. Now and then we encounter a fussy little steam launch churning up the placid surface, and frightening the alligators that are in the canals elsewhere, but the steamer is a rare sight, and is loudly protested against by the innumerable families of ducks, cranes, and pelicans that inhabit the lagoons alongside an Indian canal. This is about the easiest and pleasantest way of travelling in India, if one is not in a hurry. The steam launch has a comfortable cabin, one takes a good cook on board, and the rest is all *dolce far niente*. If sport is desired it is generally obtainable not far off, often within a hundred yards of the boat. And, as an extensive view of the country can be had, with its rich crops of golden grain, or its vast expanse of waving, bright green paddy fields, one does not tire of the journey as one wearies of the railway. The worst of the Indian canal is, that it is liable to go dry in the hot season, to the disgust of men and fishes. In this event there is nothing to do but abandon it till better times, and for this reason the canal will always have a formidable competitor in the railway, though for my part I love water better than iron, whether it comes in the shape of an Indian canal or an Indian river.

F. E. W.

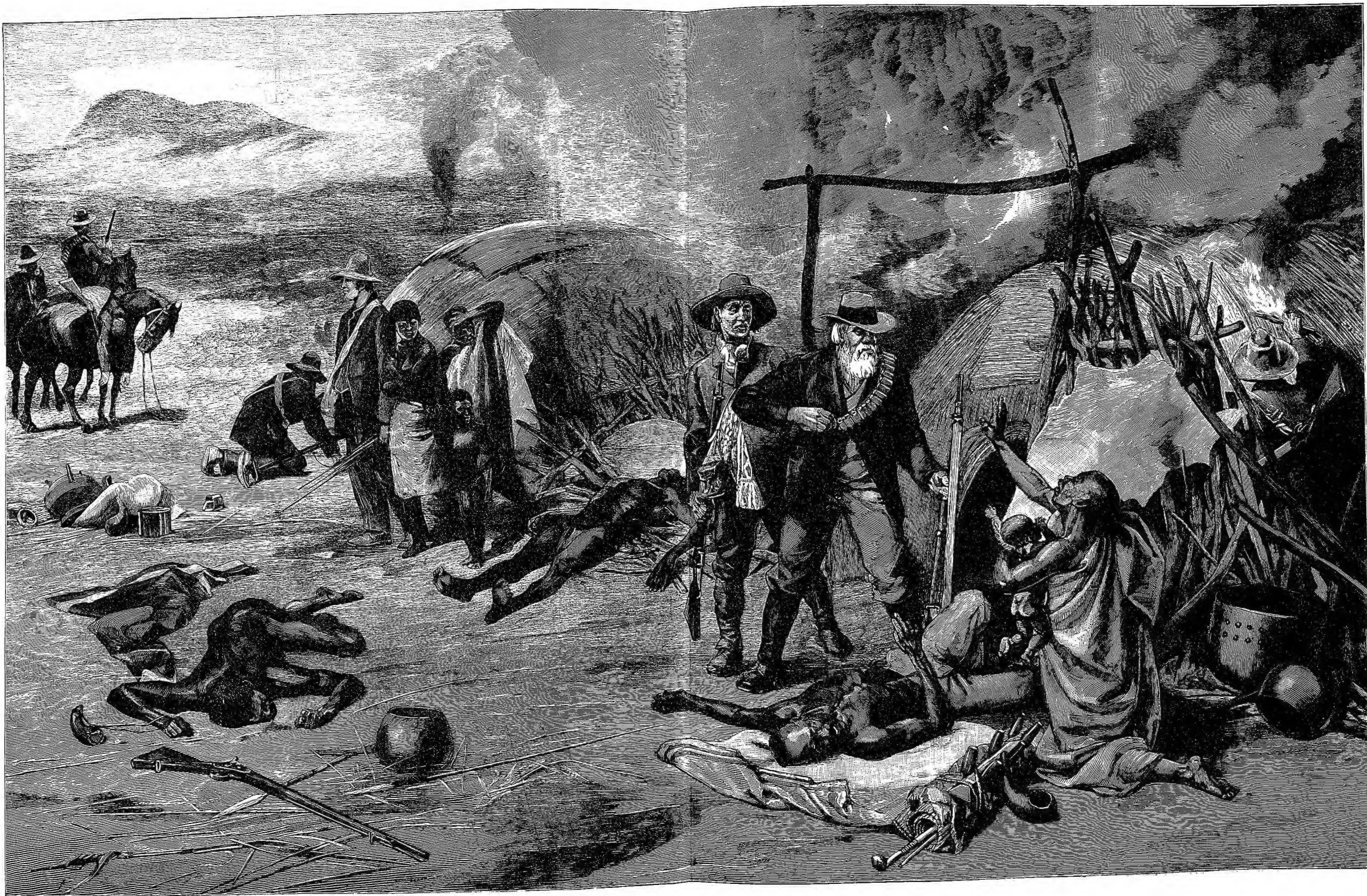


"A HARD KNOT," by Charles Gibbon (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus), is a detective story, rather on the lines of M. Gaboriau than according to the usual English model. There are in reality two knots—one, to find the perpetrator of a mysterious and apparently motiveless murder; the other, to catch the murderer when he is discovered. The plot is unquestionably ingenious. Its fault is that, while criminal and detective are fairly matched in point of cunning, the puzzle is solved entirely by an arbitrary set of chances. In a detective story, to make it really interesting, the author must carefully eliminate every element of chance, and must give his tale the effect of a game of chess between two fine players. Poe's "Purloined Letter" may be taken as a miniature example of the line to be followed. But of course the author may spoil the game, and turn its fortune any way he pleases by his unlimited command of chances and coincidences; and of this form of plot-marring Mr. Gibbon has availed himself freely. Matters were necessarily bound to go in a certain direction by the accidental personal acquaintance of the leading detective with all the leading persons in the drama. The reader is at once led to ask, How would matters have gone if this had been otherwise? And the answer to this must have doubled the interest of the novel. And so on—whenever Mr. Gibbon is faced by a real difficulty, he is always ready with a happy accident to get things straight again. The story has pretensions to psychological interest apart from murderers and detectives. Sarah Burnett is effective and impressive, as the study of a strong nature enslaved by a stronger; and Mr. Gibbon's skill has enabled her to deceive the most experienced reader, at the outset, quite as much as she did her detective lover, Mr. Hadden.

Miss Braddon's "Wyllard's Weird" (3 vols.: J. and R. Maxwell) is another detective story; and her especial public are to be congratulated on her return from her psychological experiments to the field of murder and mystery to which her reputation is due. The plot is not among her best, but is still good of its kind, and keeps the reader's curiosity thoroughly alive, even although the real murderer is discovered, as connoisseurs in such puzzles will think, a good deal too soon. Indeed, the very name of the novel is awkwardly chosen, if only from its too suggestive character from the detective point of view. The chief fault of the novel consists in faultiness of construction. Since the authoress of "Lady Audley's Secret" began to write, the French criminal novel has familiarised us with the extent to which perfection of construction can give something better than merely morbid interest to the game of hide and seek between murderers and their trackers. The French novelist is not tied down by certain absurd conventionalities, such as the supposed necessity of inserting at least one love story, whether it is in the way or not—he may throw his whole interest upon his main plot, and so keep his characters and incidents well in hand and close together. Miss Braddon is a strict conservative in observing all the conventionalities of fiction, and could no more dispense with the wedding-bells at the end than with a dose of poison. Of course to combine the common forms of novel-writing with such incidents as those of "Wyllard's Weird" presents many difficulties, and these, with all her skill, she fails entirely to overcome. Moreover, when the laws of human nature come in collision with the exigencies of her story, it is so much the worse for the laws. She should have found some better reason for Léonie's presence in Cornwall than the impossible imposition of the guardianship of a girl upon her mother's murderer. Wyllard himself, the central figure, is perhaps none the worse for being theatrical. In such stories as this, the broadest sort of colouring and outline is essential; one looks to Miss Braddon for villains of the first order, and is seldom disappointed. After all, the faults of the novel are not such as to much concern her readers generally, who, having been spared philosophic speculation and psychological investigation, will be too thankful to be over critical. They may be assured of their three or four hours' amusement from "Wyllard's Weird," without the faintest approach to intellectual strain, and will be reminded once more of the exciting times of Lady Audley and Aurora Floyd.

"A Rustic Maid," by A. Price (3 vols.: Sampson Low and Co.), is the story of a girl exceedingly unlike the style of heroine most in favour. She is simply an incarnation of all the virtues, without even the faintest speck of a fault to give her flavour, while her beauty and charm fascinate, at first sight, all mankind. Her manifold perfections even become, so perverse is human nature in its capacities for being interested, a little wearisome. However, there are plenty of persons of another sort to counteract the effect of Audrey Brooke, and some of them are amusing, especially those who illustrate the humours and peculiarities of village society. Nor is the plot altogether without power: at any rate, there is enough to oblige us to keep the author's and Audrey's father's secret, since the effect of the situation depends so much upon surprise. Much more might have been made of it: and that is another reason for injuring the effect as little as possible. The best portions of the novel are the lightest, and the author has a full share of the essentially feminine talent for finding character in seeming trifles, and,





### A BOER RAID

FROM A DRAWING BY MR. C. E. FRIPP, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE LAST THREE SOUTH AFRICAN CAMPAIGNS



apparently, for observing and remembering them. Her social sketches have therefore a value which evaporates when she is obliged to substitute imagination for observation.

The stories reprinted from the *Cornhill Magazine*, under the common title of "A Man of His Word," by W. E. Norris (3 vols.: Smith, Elder, and Co.), are better worth republication than the contents of such collections often are. Their original character as magazine tales is of course stamped on them, and most are little more than expanded anecdotes: but they are free from the ordinary air of padding. There is a cosmopolitan atmosphere about them that gives them variety, and each attempts, often with considerable success, to examine some strongly-marked vein of character, mostly from a semi-humorous point of view. The story which gives the general title is perhaps the best, but in the matter of comparison there is plenty of room for tastes to differ. Our own preference is principally based upon the portrait of Mr. Hobday, which approaches the higher levels of comedy as a decidedly original study of that multifarious personage, the self-made man.

"Uncle Jack," &c., by Walter Besant (1 vol.: Chatto and Windus), on the other hand, is a volume of stories which were scarcely worth reprinting when their original purpose had once been served. Especially difficult is it to surmise why "Uncle Jack" in particular should have been honoured with the title *role* and the foremost position. Something might, no doubt, have been made of its subject, seeing that the strong-minded woman and her potentialities are perhaps not yet wholly exhausted as an object of satire. Mr. Besant, however, has contrived to be simply clumsy and dull over even that fertile theme; and altogether, the master's name on the title-page has been made to do what should have been the duty of the master hand. "Uncle Jack" and its companions make up a feeble gathering altogether—not only in comparison with Mr. Besant's other work, but absolutely, and belong altogether to the business of book-making.

### A PLAGUE OF BEGGARS

IT was on the poop of the Royal Mail steamer *Neva* that my troubles began. Thompson was there, likewise Mandy, and a few other young fellows of the same build—engineers all, and bound for Buenos Ayres. It was a blazing July afternoon, and the awning overhead was as hot as an oven-plate.

Conversation died away in a subdued gurgling of cocktails. We were already in sight of Lisbon, which was my port of destination. After a spell of bibulous silence, the talk woke up and settled down on the subject of beggars.

"Worst beggars in the world are at Suez," said one.

"No; Killarney," dissented Thompson.

"Nonsense; I say Naples," asserted another.

"You're all wrong, gentlemen; the beggarliest, naggingest, most pertinacious beggars are Yonder," said Mandy.

"Where?"

"Why, yonder—in Lisbon. Shake not your carrot locks at me, for I've tried 'em—or rather they've tried me—and I know. Now, look here, boys. Test it—and when a wise man means business he bets. Peter here goes ashore to-morrow. Peter knows the Killarney beggar and he knows the Italian beggar, and if he isn't on a footing of personal intimacy with the Egyptian ditto he would recognise him by being four coats dirtier than the Italian, and lacking the odour of the 'cratur' which distinguishes his Hibernian brethren. Now, I lay 7 to 1 in what you please that before a week is gone Peter shall be driven out of Lisbon by the beggars. The only condition is that he shall faithfully distribute among them, and openly, an amount in reis equalling the pound sterling. And that'll cook his goose for him. Now, what say you, gentlemen, fair or unfair?"

"Fair!" and it was carried by acclaim. The sides were evenly divided, and the bets freely offered and taken: seven to one on my being driven out of Lisbon by its beggars within six days of landing. I own the prospect was not inviting, but what could I do in face of such enthusiast c partisanship? I had voted for the Killarney beggars, and as I would not withdraw in favour of the Lisbonians I was fain to stand or fall by the results. So all was arranged; the pound was raised by subscription and handed over to me: I pledged my word to act the just steward, and next morning by six o'clock landed in Black Horse Square.

As there are upwards of four thousand reis to the pound sterling, I felt that I had my work cut out for me. As soon as possible I changed my sovereign into the local silver, and with some trouble managed to break that up into copper currency. At first the twopenny pieces (worth about forty reis) had a rather depressing effect on me, and made me feel like Gulliver with Brobdingnagian farthings in his pocket. They resembled lumps of gun-metal which, through the timely explosion of a nine-pounder, had been picked up by Government, and economically utilised in the giving and taking of change. To attempt to throw such coppers as these at a mendicant would be to lay oneself open to a charge of assault with malicious intent to do grievous bodily harm.

To return to our mutter. As I was hurrying to a carriage, after having filtered through the Customs, a beggar—my first—accosted me with a thing that looked like a hand thrust forward. I recollected my oath, and plunging into my copper pocket, drew out about a quarter of a pound of gun-metal, and dropped it with a shudder into that claw. Even when I was in the carriage and moving off the man had not finished gaping with astonishment at the fortune of hard copper (in all about 4½d.) he had come into. As I was driving off I saw him in the centre of a wild crowd of five or six other—mendicants, let us say, "worse than the first," exhibiting to them his handful of wealth.

On my way to my hotel, in the higher parts of the town, I was called on to scatter largesse some three or four times only, and I drew a sigh of relief when I was finally housed. My room was to the front, and after the *déjeuner* I loitered on the verandah, smoking under the awning. I am generally pleased to see again faces that I have met elsewhere; but I felt a thrill of horror when I saw below me in the street the contortion of features which that First Beggar possessed in lieu of a face. He was grinning, too, which made it worse. His hand was outstretched, as were the hands of a small assembly of living rags by which he was surrounded and followed, and my vow compelling me to give, I threw down a mass of copper among them and retired with disgust to my room. I did not go out again that day, and did not venture near the window, trusting the Things in the street would have vanished by to-morrow. All night my sleep was haunted by the living horror of that First Beggar and his ghoulsh comrades, and I woke unrefreshed. I put on a new coat and different hat, and then made a bold dash to leave the place. The street was deserted; only a legless beggar lay propped against the house facing my hotel, and he was asleep. I moved away rejoicing, but, remembering my vow, returned softly and dropped a five-rei piece into his can. As I was escaping again this sentinel awoke, saw me, and, with a wild whoop, began to rattle his tin on the pavement. Where they came from I don't know, but in a moment the street was a heaving mass of cripples, idiots, hunchbacks, sores, wounds, empty eye-sockets, stumps of arms and legs, bodies without legs scurrying along on wee go-carts, beggars male, beggars female, baby beggars, beggars almost too old to be alive, living, whining, shrivelled mummies. And I was in the midst. My horrible vow was before me, and, filling my hands with coppers, I hurled them over the beggars' heads down the street to distract the terrible crowd. Away they went after the

coins, a rolling, cursing, fighting Gehenna of diseases and deformities, and away I went on an opposite track, fleeing, not from the torments to come, but those that *were* come. My mission was one of business, but when I reached the office I was bound for, I could do little else than take reviving nips of curaçoa, and moan in an unintelligible way. When I was better I took one of the usual two-horse cabs back to my hotel, secreting myself in its recesses, and dashing from it to the hotel like an escaping assassin. When I was in my room some one knocked softly, and I requested the knocker to enter. It was the manager. He came to remonstrate, politely but firmly. It was giving his house a bad name, he said, to have uproars before his door. Would I refrain in future? From what? I asked. From bestowing alms on those Beasts. I regretted it, I said, but I couldn't. I couldn't? And why? Because I was under a vow, I said. Then would I kindly withdraw my patronage from that hotel, the manager asked; and I said I would go next day, wherewith we parted, polite but distant.

That night I was roused from sleep by a gentle rapping at my window. I got up and undid the shutters, and saw—that horrible face smiling at me from my verandah. I shook my fist at him savagely. He bowed, and began a passionate speech, frequently pointing down to the road below. My curiosity was roused; I opened the window, and stepped out beside the beggar. The street was full of a silent sea of faces, such as Dante saw in the seventh circle of his Hell—faces every one with the hoof-stamp of the devil on it; Cains all, and never an Abel among them. A murmur went up when I stepped out; my companion turned to them and began a speech to them, but evidently aimed at me. When he had concluded the first part of an impassioned, hoarsely-whispered oration, he paused, and pointed me out proudly to the crowd. A little recovered from my first shock of surprise, I filled up the pause by leaning over the rail and inquiring of the fierce, bad faces lifted to mine—though in a cautious stage whisper, for fear of rousing that manager again—"What the devil do you want here at this time o' night?"

A murmur of enthusiastic applause came up from that horrible throng. They must have understood me to say something vastly more flattering than what I had intended, for the murmur went on swelling till it mounted to a demoniac yell of delight. Lights began to appear in windows, and doors to be unbolted; not a moment was to be lost; my only chance was that some further largesse of gun-metal would induce them to disperse. I dashed into my room, with the First Beggar and cause of all my woe following me, orating and gesticulating like an M.P. before a General Dissolution. I emptied my copper-pocket, he helping me zealously, carried forth the bullion, and hurled it down on top of the seething crowd. I shall hear that yell on my death-bed, if I have one. As a spectacle, that fight was worth three or four Thermopyles, and any number of Waterloos. The fragments of what had been beggars in happier days were unrecognisable as human things at all. And the cost of the battle was barely sixteen shillings in copper. Contrast this with the costliness of the so-called "Glorious Engagements" of any Empire you like. A paltry sixteen shillings—in copper!

I spent the remains of that night in the city jail on a charge of "Inciting of Mobs to Unlawful Rebellion."—I, who knew not a word of their tongue! When the case came up in private I was proved to have bribed the beggars by large presents of cash. In vain I asked for an interpreter to explain matters: the magistrate said such a silly subterfuge as pretending to be ignorant of Portuguese when it was proved I had addressed the mob from the verandah, and had roused them to fury by my words, would not take him in. So I was undefended, and, but for the timely intervention of my business friends, might have gone to the galleys as a great State criminal. As it was, when I was let out I received a broad hint from the authorities to "absent myself from felicity—and Lisbon—awhile."

Mandy had won. I was in Lisbon barely four days. I telegraphed the result to him to the Cape de Verd Islands, where the vessel would touch. I wrote by the next mail and said that I willingly gave the palm, before all mendicants on the globe, to the Lisbon Beggar.

C. R.

### RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

"PARODIES of the Works of English and American Authors," collected and annotated by Walter Hamilton (Reeves Turner), is better in conception than execution; a great deal of ephemeral rubbish is inserted, whilst really good pieces are omitted. For instance, where is Albert Smith's inimitable burlesque of "The May Queen;" and the back volumes of *Punch* and the *Illustrated London News* would furnish better examples, in other instances, than are here given. "The Dirge of the Drinker" has nothing to do with "Locksley Hall," but was avowedly written by Aytoun as a parody of his own "Burial March of Dundee;" the fact of Calverley's "Ode to Tobacco" being written in the same pseudo-scholarly metre in no sense makes it a parody of "The Skeleton in Armour;" and who can have been the wisacre (p. 145) who ascribed "Kubla Khan" to Tennyson!

Although much of the work, probably that under the heading "Miscellaneous," is obviously juvenile, there is a good deal to admire in "Aphrodite, and Other Poems," by A. Stepany Gulston (Remington). We do not care for the author in his classic moods, but when he gets on Norman or Breton soil he is thoroughly natural and delightful, and shows a good deal of the spirit of the old ballad-makers; "Tombelène" is fine, and, still better, in spite of its ghastly story, is "Chant Oiseau." "Ages Ago" is powerful; but is the dastardly crime of vitriol-throwing *quite* the best subject for a poet? The best thing in the book is "A Living Death," embodying the good old Archbishop of Paris's true account of how he escaped from being buried alive—to some this will recall the old Cornish legend of "Cothele," to say nothing of that hideous tragedy of poor Charlotte Clopton, whose monument still bears witness to her fate. Mr. Gulston is not always quite happy in his allusions—the so-called "palm" does not grow on the weeping willow, and can he know what a "spindrift," that terror of coast-mariners, really is? It is anything but "rosy," that merciless white mountain-fiend!

We hardly know what to say about "Love's Moods," by Allan Prince (E. W. Allen). The author shows facility, if not originality, and the ballad at page 72 is an evidence of some sense of music; but he should not have tried to write sonnets. His views on that art may be gathered at page 22, but are more definitely stated elsewhere as follows:—

My verses, rhythms (*sic*) of passion, wildly throng  
Unto the troubled music of my heart  
As each mood sways, and naught of careful art  
Has ruled or framed the pleadings of my tongue.

Well and good; but that is not the way to write a sonnet. In the interests of good taste, the piece beginning "Thy heart lies in the heart of my religion" had been better omitted. The notes are futile, and it would be interesting to know to whom the author refers as "the last of the noble line of Shakespearian actresses."

The new volume of "The Canterbury Poets," edited by Mr. Joseph Skipsey (Walter Scott), contains a selection from the works of William Blake; it is judiciously made on the whole, and is prefaced by a biographical and critical essay, which tells us nothing that we did not know before, and is avowedly based on the "precious" work of Mr. Gilchrist.

A well-meant collection of rhymes, chiefly of a polemical nature, is "Verities in Verses" (Elliot Stock). A great deal of it is almost unintelligible, and the volume is decidedly uninteresting; we should suppose the author to belong to the Scottish Establishment, as his work obviously is meant to appeal to Nonconformists.

The best things about "Echoes of Memory," by Atherton Furlong (Field and Tuer), are the get-up of the book, which is almost too dainty for everyday use, and Mr. Tristram J. Ellis's charming etchings—his illustration to "The Lily and the Maiden" is exceptionally good. The verses are commonplace, and show, at times, a want of any sense of the ridiculous, as in "The Dear Old Knocker On the Door," which is meant to be pathetic.



MESSRS. J. B. CRAMER AND CO.—A brace of love-songs which will please for the moment, but make no lasting impression, are:—"Alas, So Long," words by D. C. Rossetti, music by Lady Ramsay, of Banff, and "Loving Evermore," written by Edward Oxenford, music by Walter E. Allen.—"Football Song" will find favour with our old and young public school boys; the words, by Herbert H. Adams, are vigorous, the music, by Elliot Wallace, is stirring; a unison chorus will please the untaught singer.—"The Mona's Isle Polka," by Walter E. Allen, is tuneful and dance-inspiring.

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—A very charming poem by Helen Burnside, "An Old Maid's Heart," has been admirably set to music by Michael Watson; this once derided member of society now takes an honoured place in the world. This pathetic, yet cheerful, song deserves a place in the foremost ranks of our mezzo-sopranos' repertoire.—"Two Lives," written and composed by G. Clifton Bingham and J. E. Webster, is a pretty ballad, published in F and in A—the former a simplified edition.—Of the same type is "My Heart's Message," words by M. Mark Lemon, music by A. H. Behrend, published in three keys.—"Sieg-Lied" ("Song of Victory"), by Alice Borton, is a pianoforte piece—a very ordinary composition which will doubtless find favour with her friends.

MESSRS. TITO DI GIO RICORDI.—Minor in key and sentiment is "Come and Meet Me," a semi religious song, written and composed by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone and Ciro Pinsuti.—By the same popular composer is "An Angel's Song," the words of which are by Arthur E. J. Legge. There is much to admire in both words and music.—There is a ring of genuine pathos in both words and music of "Will You Be True?" written and composed by F. E. Weatherly and Frederic H. Cowen, which is published in three keys beyond the original of B flat. The mania for publishing in four or five keys is steadily on the increase, hence a soprano may have studied a song and hope to make an effect, but find herself forestalled by a bass, or *vice versa*, for the words are so chosen that they may apply to either sex, and every condition of man or woman.—"Idylle," a melody for the pianoforte, by Tito Mattei, is well written, and void of any special difficulties.

THE LONDON MUSIC PUBLISHING AND GENERAL AGENCY COMPANY.—A part-song which is appropriate to the present period is "My Country," poetry by Tom Moore, music by George Staker (S.A.T.B.).—W. J. Westbrook (Mus. Doc., Cantab.), whose name is already familiar as a composer for the organ, has brought out "Arrangements for the Organ," which has already reached to the twelfth number, and contains excerpts and selections from the old masters as represented by Bach, Beethoven, Dr. Arne, Corelli, Dussek, Cramer, Hummel, Haydn, Scarlatti, and others. This interesting series should be in the hands of all organists, students as well as professors.—"Two For Joy" is the taking title of a *polka brillante*, by H. C. Ricketts, B.A.; the music is bright and sparkling.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Shelley's pleasing poem, "A Widow Bird," has been set to music as a four-part song by F. James Simpson in a very effective manner (Messrs. Hamilton and Müller).—Two songs of average merit, published in two keys, are respectively "A Dream of Yore," written and composed by G. Clifton Bingham and Henri Logé, and "Lullaby," words and music by Mabel Bourne (Messrs. E. Aschenberg and Co.).—Two sacred songs, by J. N. Selman and T. T. Smith, are "Leave It All With Jesus," and "Rest, Peace, and Joy;" both are of medium compass, and well suited to the home circle on a Sunday (C. B. Tree).—"Babie Annie" is a very original Scotch song, music by Frank Austin, words by Mrs. Henderson; the melody is composed in the pentatonic scale, compass within the middle octave.—"The Maraquita Waltz," by F. Edwin Fryer, is of a very ordinary type (Frederick Pitman).—"I'll Send Thee, Love, an Offering," and "Dream On" are two songs of average merit and originality by "Oonagh" and Henry Klein, which will win but a transient fame (Henry Klein).

### FINIS!

I HAD given my life for less than this—  
For an empty dream, for a gilded toy;  
What matter now?—'twas a world of bliss  
Well worth the risk to a foolish boy.  
It may not be that I reck the cost,  
Though all is over, and all is lost.

The river of time runs all untold  
Through the dreary haze of years to come,  
Ghosts of the days and the dreams of old,  
Echoes of songs that are hushed and dumb.  
And on to that land of the last Unknown  
This wreck of a life must drift alone.

Is it strange to feel as I feel to-night,  
Now all that I loved has said good-bye?  
That I go to the world, as a man to fight,  
All desperate either to win or die?  
That I plunge in a torrent wild and dim,  
And care not whether I sink or swim?

Then once again, for the last, last time,  
Let our hands be clasped, let your eyes meet mine,  
For I dare not wait till the morning-chime,  
When the cold day breaks on a dream divine;  
Ere the music jar, and the tale grow dry—  
And then—God bless you, Sweet! Good-bye!

G. M. G.

TITLES OF NOBILITY are certainly cheap and easily procured in Italy, judging from a prospectus quoted by M. Claretie in the *Paris Temps*, as sent to various rich, but humbly born, financiers. For 3,000*l.* any one may become a prince, 2,000*l.* will purchase a dukedom, and the would-be count or baron need only spend respectively 1,000*l.* and 800*l.*



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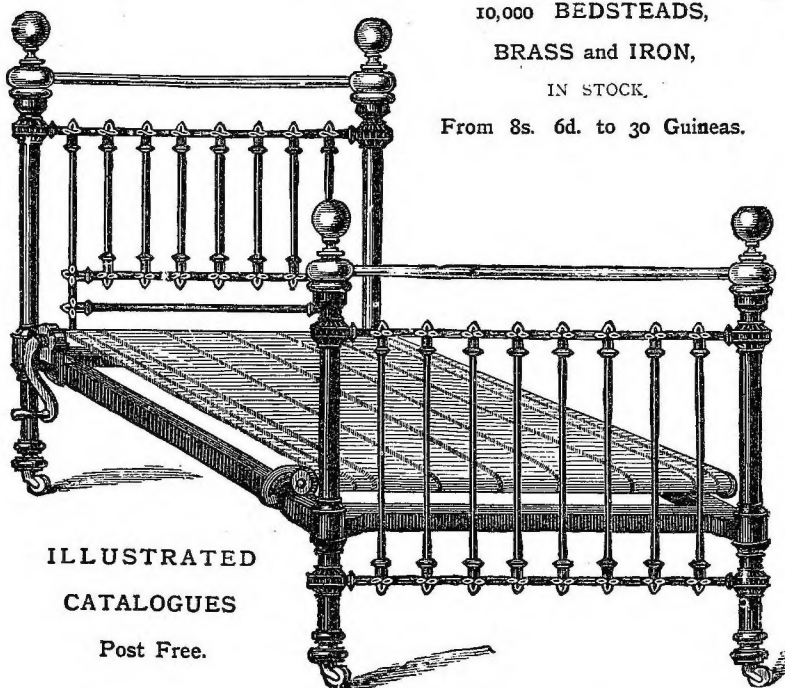
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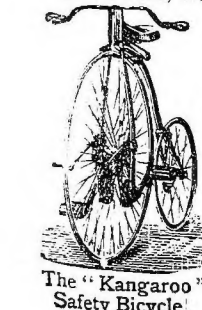
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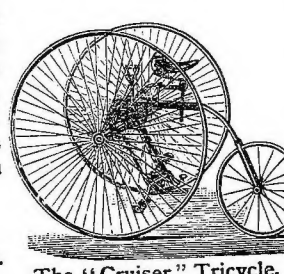
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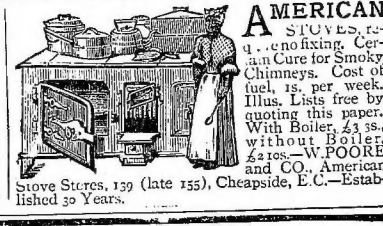


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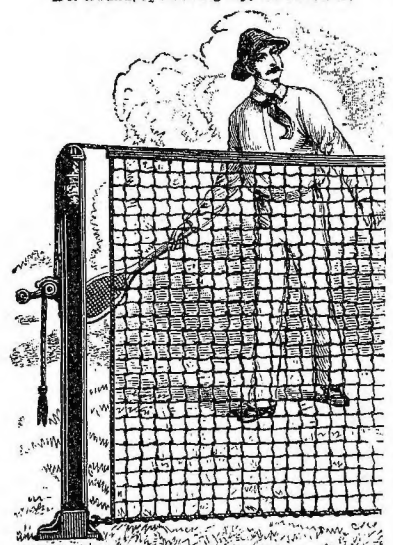
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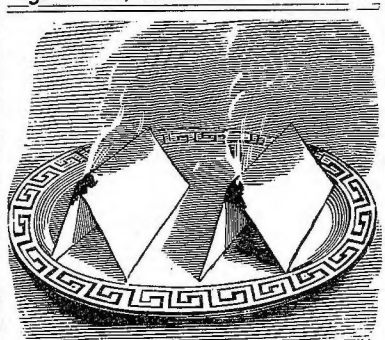
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